

THE
INTERNATIONAL
AND ENGLISH
Review

Vol. 148

JUNE, 1957

No. 392

JUN 17 1957
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*Articles by Peter Kirk, M.P.
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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER

MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, M.P. (Socialist) for Carmarthen since February of this year. Formerly Liberal M.P. for Anglesey 1929-51. Deputy leader of the Parliamentary Liberal Party 1949-51.

PETER KIRK, M.P. (Conservative) for Gravesend since May, 1955. Assistant editor of *The National and English Review*.

REGINALD PECK: Since 1954 Bonn correspondent of *Daily Mirror Newspapers Ltd.*

KENNETH ROSE: Scholar of New College, Oxford. Now on the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*.

DENYS SMITH: Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* in Washington.

RONALD SEARLE: Artist and satirist. Author of *The Rake's Progress*, *Merry England*, etc.

ERIC GILLETT: Literary editor, *The National and English Review*.

ANGUS MACINTYRE: Scholar of Hertford College, Oxford.

LESLIE HALE, M.P. (Socialist) for Oldham West since 1945. Solicitor and author of *Thirty Who Were Tried*.

RUBY MILLAR: Journalist and publisher's editor for many years.

MICHAEL JAFFÉ: Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, since 1952. Commonwealth Fund Fellow, studying works of art in the U.S.A., 1951-53.

ROBIN DENNISTON: Works as editor in a well-known publishing house. Keen amateur musician. Author of *The Young Musicians*.

KAYE WEBB: Journalist and broadcaster. Editor, *Young Elizabethan*. Author, *Paris Sketchbook*, etc.

ALEC ROBERTSON: Writer, critic and broadcaster. Author of books on Dvořák, Sacred Music, Plainchant, etc.

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Episodes of the Month

Of Bombs and Men

THE explosion of the first British hydrogen bomb, about which so much controversy had raged, took not only the general public, but also Commonwealth Prime Ministers (including, apparently, Mr. Macmillan himself) by surprise. Notice had been given that the bomb would be exploded as soon after May 10 as weather conditions were deemed propitious by the scientists on the spot; and we are asked to believe that these favourable conditions were so brief and fugitive that there was no time for the scientists to let Mr. Macmillan know, or for Mr. Macmillan to let his Commonwealth partners know, before the explosion took place. This is a good story and no doubt the Government will stick to it, but the impression remains that there has been yet another failure in Commonwealth relations, through the British Government's fault. If even Mr. Holland could show signs of resentment and irritation we may be sure that the matter was very badly handled. More will be said anon about this and other related questions, which could usefully be discussed by the Commonwealth Prime Ministers at their forthcoming Conference.

Meanwhile, what of the bomb itself? Even if it is the *dernier cri* in hydrogen bombs, is the Government wise to press ahead with nuclear tests and at the same time to cut down on other aspects of defence, in particular National Service?

We are convinced that this policy is based upon a major miscalculation in grand strategy, combined with a squalid desire to regain popularity at home. It is said that the world situation has been revolutionized since 1951 and that whereas Mr. Bevan was wicked to suggest an arms cut at that time, Messrs. Macmillan and Sandys are fully justified in performing one now. This shows the extent to which politicians are capable of deceiving themselves where votes are concerned. In fact the Communist Powers are, if anything, more formidable to-day than they were six years ago, and in the absence of an all-round disarmament agreement it is sheer folly for this country to start an arms race in reverse. There is no reason to suppose that the Russians will join in such a race, and there is grave reason to fear that the Americans may follow our example and set about reducing their commitment in Western Europe.

The Threat of "Fortress America"

ONE of the arguments used in support of the British H-bomb policy is that we must have our own big deterrent in case the Americans should at some future date decide to treat Western Europe as expendable. It is, in our opinion, quite sensible to reckon with the possibility that the idea of "Fortress America," which has never lacked influential backing in the United States, might become the accepted doctrine. But it is at least arguable that

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our present Defence policy, far from protecting us against this contingency, is in fact tending to invite it. We cannot hope to achieve independence in terms of nuclear weapons; for our ultimate safety we are bound to rely upon the Americans. Our paramount task, therefore, is to uphold NATO and to make it morally very difficult for the Americans to withdraw their troops from Europe. If these troops were withdrawn the outlook for Western Europe would be grim indeed, since it would be hard for any American President to start a hydrogen war simply to defend Western Europe against what is called a "conventional" attack. So long as American mothers' sons were in the front line, and involved in the fighting at the outset, there would be no limit to the measures taken to defeat the aggressor; but if they were not there the reaction of Washington might be very much less drastic—at least the Russians might be tempted to gamble on this assumption.

In other words, the importance of "men on the ground" has not diminished; it is greater than ever—if only for psychological reasons. Any suggestion that the countries of Western Europe are prepared to subordinate the manpower requirements of NATO to the needs of their own economies (which is only another way of saying the needs of their own politicians) will almost certainly have an unsettling effect upon the Americans, especially as the mid-term Congressional elections draw near. Until there is a general agreement to disarm there must be no weakening in the Western alliance, and those nations which are expected to play the part of leaders must continue to bear a heavy and disproportionate burden. This is the price of leadership; it is also the price of safety—for ourselves and others.

NATO Denuded

THAT NATO is in a parlous state has been revealed by a Dutchman, Colonel Fens, whose report to the W.E.U. Assembly has very naturally caused consternation. In 1952 a minimum of ninety

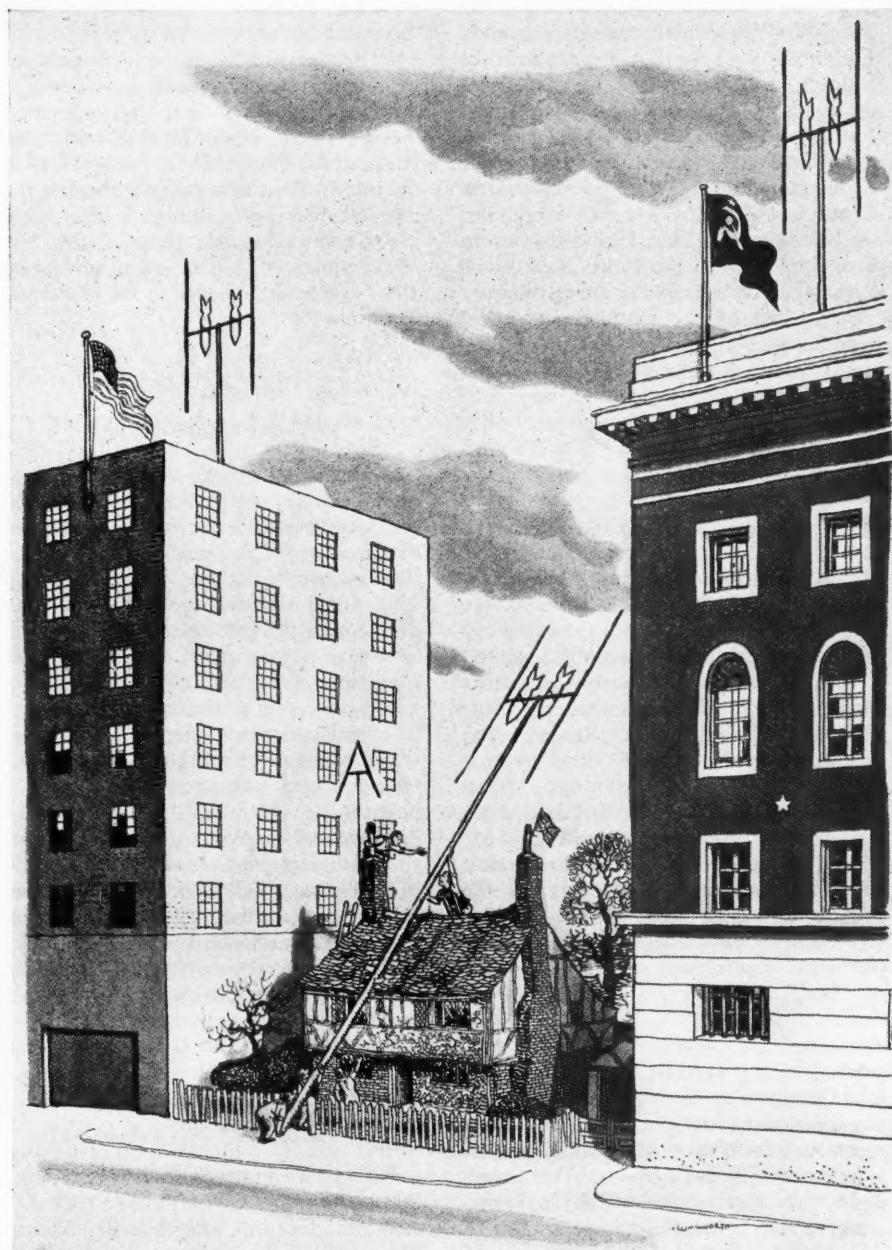
divisions was laid down as being necessary for the defence of the West; by December 1954 this figure had been reduced to thirty and the actual total in service to-day is fifteen. (Only the Americans, it should be noted, are making their full contribution.) Not only are the NATO forces ridiculously under strength, they are also ill-sited and unco-ordinated. Military, rather than political or economic, integration is obviously needed as a first priority, but there is little evidence that the Governments concerned are ready to take the appropriate action. Indeed, the only movements that can be discerned are in the wrong direction.

Britain versus the Common Market

THE fact that all is not well with the negotiations for a Free Trade Area has been an open secret for some weeks. The various statements accompanying M. Faure's visit to London and Mr. Macmillan's visit to Bonn have shown that the differences are on fundamental principles rather than on points of detail. The treaty setting up the European Economic Union (the Common Market organization) was signed in Rome on March 24. This has now to be ratified by the Parliaments of the Six, but even in France ratification is now regarded as more than likely. Meanwhile the negotiations for a Free Trade Area, associated with the Common Market, have languished. The working parties set up by Mr. Thorneycroft as Chairman of OEEC have made little progress. There is clearly no hope that they will present their reports on June 15 as requested in their terms of reference. What has gone wrong since the Government published its White Paper of February 1957?

The short answer is that while the Six have moved towards closer integration Britain has apparently shifted towards a looser form of association. The British plan was for a Free Trade Area which, by excluding agricultural products, made it possible to retain Preferences on 90 per cent. of our Commonwealth trade. In

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KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES.

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other words, a low tariff club was to be formed for European manufactured goods. The French upset this arrangement by securing the inclusion of overseas territories in the Common Market. Britain had then to try to find some new formula to meet the changed conditions. If French African territories are allowed into the Common Market, why should neighbouring British territories be excluded from the Free Trade Area? But if they are allowed in can Commonwealth Preference survive? This is one of the matters still under negotiation which is causing great difficulty. Another is the effect of the exclusion of agriculture on potential Free Trade Area members such as Denmark.

Flat-footed Diplomacy

BUT the crux of the matter appears to be the question of control of the Free Trade Area. If it is run by a Committee of OEEC, with a modification of the unanimity rule, it is hard to see how the steps being taken towards common economic policies can be confined to the Six. The position is complicated by the fact that until the European Economic Union treaty is ratified the Free Trade Area negotiations cannot be concluded.

In handing out blame for the present situation it is simply naïve to say that the French have outsmarted us. The British Government has never taken a leading part in the negotiations. We have throughout been in the very weak position of having to wait and see what the Six were doing and then decide whether it was a game that any number could play. The other big mistake has been to assume that European organizations are like Parliamentary committees—the same set of people with different agendas. There is no doubt that there are too many different organizations. But the important fact is that there are really only two kinds—those that work for integration through the elimination of barriers *and* the merging of sovereign powers, and those that seek closer co-operation while retaining full

freedom of action. Britain has always favoured the second type.

It has been said that the British attitude to international organizations is governed by two principles: first, stop them from being formed; second, if they are formed, make their objectives so vague as to be harmless. It is not really surprising that the so-called Grand Design is regarded on the Continent as an application of both these principles. Far from going on tiptoe, the Government seems to be blundering about on flat feet.

Suez Climb-down

AS was inevitable, the Government eventually agreed, under protest, to Colonel Nasser's terms for the Suez Canal. Thus while there is no settlement—in particular the question of Israeli shipping is still outstanding—British ships are now once again passing through the Canal and are paying dues to the Egyptian authority. It has rightly been said that we could have had better terms last summer if we had been prepared to negotiate. This is the measure of the harm which a few wrong-headed men have done to their country.

On May 3 Sir Winston Churchill broke silence in a speech to the Primrose League, in which he saw fit to praise Sir Anthony Eden and to say that "those who at home and abroad attacked the resolute action which, in company with our French allies, he took last autumn, may now perhaps have reason for reconsidering their opinions." He made no serious attempt to justify this astonishing statement, which affords sad proof that he has now virtually lost contact with the world of politics. It is also necessary to recall, in connection with his views on the Suez crisis in general, that he has an almost unbroken record of error in Eastern and Middle Eastern affairs. Even the greatest men have their blind spots, and Sir Winston is no exception. He should have known better, however, than to talk unctuously of the "unswerving support" which the Tory

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Party always gives to its leader. Later in his speech he referred to his own unorthodoxy in the past, and this might have suggested to him that support for the Tory leadership is not always so unswerving. Baldwin did not find him very "loyal" on the subject of India, nor did Chamberlain receive from him at the time of Munich that servile obedience which so many gave to Sir Anthony Eden, against their better judgment, at the time of Suez.

Dishing the Blimps

ONLY a handful of Tories stood out against the decision to pay tolls to Nasser. Some of the most virulent Suez Groupers failed to join the rebels, though they must have known that they could abstain without imperilling the Government. These individuals evidently sensed that the time had come to make an agonizing reappraisal of their own positions; and seeing Mr. Julian Amery in office they may have felt that they might be permitted to join him there if they too went through the ritualistic process of cleansing their way.

Mr. Macmillan, in fact, has been dishing not the Whigs (an historic Tory manœuvre) but the Blimps. As a leading Blimp himself, until the moment when he suddenly realized that he and his friends had brought the nation to the brink of ruin, his task has been neither enviable nor edifying. But it may well have been successful, and while we cannot admire his methods we must be thankful for the result.

Debonair Commanding Officer

ACCORDING to the straw-votes Mr. Macmillan is in no sense a popular figure, and he seems as yet to have gained little reputation with the public at large. In Parliament, however, he has managed to achieve a degree of mastery, though the standard is admittedly not high. (It is almost incredible,

for instance, that the following passage in his speech at the end of the Suez debate can have been allowed to pass without interruption. "After (*sic*) Bermuda there began to develop a more realistic American attitude towards the problems of the Middle East. *It has been called, I think, sometimes the Eisenhower doctrine*" (our italics). It would be hard to find words more heavily charged with *suggestio falsi* than these, as anyone familiar with the chronology of recent events can see at a glance).

Nevertheless, the Prime Minister's stock has risen in Parliament, and above all it has risen among his own Parliamentary following. After his speech which contained the words quoted above he was given a standing ovation by Tory M.P.s. They readily and gratefully accept his own projection of himself, as a debonair commanding officer, with his heart in the right place (i.e. on the grouse moors) and a good eye for country. In fact he has a very good eye for political country and his handling of the Right-wing Suez rebels has been masterly. Even Lord Salisbury's sobstuff in the House of Lords failed to disturb the loyalty which "Independent Unionist peers" are in the habit of showing to the party line, and Sir Victor Raikes must have been at least partially mollified by the bottle of port which the Prime Minister deigned to share with him at the Carlton Club.

Hussein Survives—For the Time Being

ALTHOUGH it is disingenuous of the Foreign Secretary to claim that the improved situation in the Middle East is the result of our action last November, there is no doubt that the events in Jordan have, for the time being, considerably weakened Colonel Nasser's power, and to this extent we have made a definite gain. King Hussein has, rather surprisingly, managed to hold his own and, by firm action, has consolidated his position against the pro-Nasser politicians and Army officers who did their best to get him off

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his throne. The Kings of the Middle East have come together, and the breach between the Hashemite and Shereefian Houses has ostensibly been healed.

From the moment when King Saud declared himself on King Hussein's side—and his decision was no doubt helped by the discovery of a plot against himself inspired from Cairo—the immediate issue was not in doubt. A "Government of Elders" was formed in Amman, excluding the Nabulsi bloc, and the attempt at democracy in Jordan has been abandoned in favour of the kind of direct rule which commanded itself to King Abdullah. A touch of lunacy was added to the proceedings by the sudden cruise of the Sixth Fleet to the Eastern Mediterranean. Quite whom this was supposed to overawe is rather problematical, as the American ships could hardly have been expected to terrorize anyone on Jordanian soil, and a bombardment of Alexandria would have been a little out of place after the Suez affair. The offer of dollar aid was distinctly more practical, and was accepted by King Hussein without any strings.

Labour's Plan for Superannuation

THE much-heralded Labour Party Superannuation scheme (*National Superannuation, 1s. 6d.*) appeared on May 16. So important was it thought to be that the Prime Minister had held one of his Ministerial work parties at Chequers the week-end before, where discussion mainly turned upon the question of pensions, and the implications of the forthcoming Labour scheme were fully considered, as was the scheme now being dreamed up in the back-rooms of the Conservative Central Office. At first sight this might appear to be a somewhat cynical bidding for votes by both parties, but it is true to say that the two rival plans have been prompted by the fact that the National Insurance scheme, though only ten years old, is already facing disaster.

This is due to the failure of the Labour Government, in introducing their scheme

in 1946, to make it in any way actuarially sound. In fact the scheme has never been more than a bank account; contributions were paid in by the workers, and as promptly paid out again to the old people, even though they had made no contribution towards their pensions. This worked very well as long as contributions exceeded pensions liabilities; but this happy state of affairs will come to an end next year, and after that the National Insurance Fund will be faced with an ever-growing deficit, reaching £145 million in 1960, and £424 million by 1980. This has been one of the considerations which have led the present Government to resist the agitation for a rise in pensions, which is morally justified by the rise in the cost of living over the last two years.

"Equality" Jettisoned

FACTED with this situation the Labour Party, under the guidance of Mr. Crossman, has produced a straight capitalist scheme. The principle of "equality," so proudly proclaimed a year ago, is abandoned without a sigh. Pensions in future will under the Socialist plan be related to contributions, and contributions will be related to income; the only flat rate will be in the basic pension, which will be maintained—presumably only initially—at £3 a week. The scheme is virtually a copy of the one produced by that staunch capitalist, Dr. Adenauer, a year ago, and the only elements of Socialism left in it are the upper and lower limits fixed, and the fact that it will be compulsorily applied to all those not in an existing scheme approved by the Government.

Such a realistic approach is to be welcomed, and the proposals demand the closest study. It is to be hoped that it will not be long before the Conservative scheme is available for comparison. But certain questions are bound to arise on the Labour scheme, and these must now be put. First, will this scheme be actuarially sound? An overall contribution of 10 per cent.—3 per cent. from the employee, 5 per cent. from the employer, and 2 per cent. from the

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PIE IN THE SKY.

State—should be enough to give a pension of half the average pay of the five years preceding retirement. But the basic pension is to go on at a higher level, though no provision is to be made in the continuing National Insurance contribution for this. It therefore seems, although the Socialists do not intend to make the same mistake as they made in 1946—against the advice of Lord Beveridge—and introduce the scheme out of the whole cloth, that the potential deficit on the National Insurance Fund will simply have to be set against the scheme, and the capital sum will never be enough to meet obligations out of interest. And what of the capital sum itself? The

widespread suspicion has arisen that this will be used for another of Labour's plans, that of take-over bids for large industrial concerns. Not only, therefore, does this plan provide for Socialism by the back-door, but will it not also be highly inflationary in the amount of money now invested which will be forced on to the market with little prospect of alternative investment? Another inflationary tendency is to be seen in the greatly increased contributions from the more highly paid workers. Increases in contributions vary from 1d. a week for the man earning £6 a week, to as much as 8s. 6d. a week for the man earning £20 a week, over and above

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what he already pays in National Insurance contributions. In theory this should be disinflationary, but the trade unionists of this country are now so accustomed to an almost automatic rise in pay to compensate such increased outgoings, that the pay claims which would probably follow the introduction of this scheme would be virtually irresistible.

The scheme has been widely publicized as "retirement on half-pay." This slogan is a little misleading, as no-one at present in employment will retire on anything like half-pay and only those who enter employment at the age of sixteen after the introduction of the scheme will in fact do so. The Labour Party would be well advised to make this quite clear, as otherwise they will be storing up a heap of trouble for themselves in the future.

Brighter Premium Bonds

IN our opinion the only sure answer to the superannuation problem is vastly increased private saving. Now that Premium Bonds are starting to win prizes it will be interesting to see whether sales of the Bonds are stimulated. At present the scheme is less attractive to the gambler than are the football pools—partly because of the long interval between buying the bond and participating in the draw, and partly because the maximum prize of £1,000 is far too small. Only a very powerful lure, such as prizes substantially larger than the largest paid by the pools, will now attract people away from them. The decision to have a multitude of small prizes, instead of fewer larger ones, was probably intended, in some muddle-headed way, as a sop to those who disapprove of gambling. The result, of course, is to make the scheme less successful, and far more expensive to the taxpayer. The purpose of the scheme is to promote saving, and while small prizes are almost certain to be spent in an inflationary manner on consumption (probably literally) by the delighted recipients, large prizes are more likely to be saved. Furthermore, really large prizes (of, say, half a million pounds

or more) besides being cheaper to administer, would mostly return to the Exchequer by way of Estate Duty—especially if one or two startled winners died in the celebrations! In any event, most of the income from very large prizes would go, year after year, to the Treasury, in income tax and surtax. With a little forethought it should be possible to make the scheme cost the taxpayer not 4 per cent. but less than nothing. In short, the arguments, on the three grounds of salesmanship, cheapness of operation, and disinflation, are overwhelmingly in favour of really large prizes.

Commonwealth Relations

WE referred earlier to the failure on the part of the United Kingdom Government to give immediate notice to other Commonwealth Governments of the H-bomb explosion on Christmas Island. This, following on the even worse case of the Suez ultimatum, should be the subject of friendly but quite unqualified remonstrance at the meeting of Commonwealth Prime Ministers. Mr. Macmillan and his colleagues have clearly not yet learnt what the modern Commonwealth is and means; they are still under the illusion that the United Kingdom is, as it were, *in loco parentis* and that other members of the Commonwealth may occasionally receive an affectionate and condescending letter from home, or a visit at half-term, but that they have no right to be treated as equals. This conception is completely out of date. The Commonwealth is now an association of brothers, not a mother-child relationship; and the implications of this in the field of inter-governmental communication are perfectly obvious. No Commonwealth Government is obliged to *consult* its partners when it contemplates a course of action, but it has a duty to *inform* them. By so doing it in no way limits its own freedom of action, but it shows a proper spirit of confidence and co-operation.

Lord Home has been attacked for the negative and apparently ineffectual part he has played, but we suggest it is better to

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attack the office than the man. At this time of day there is no longer any justification for a Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations distinct from the Prime Minister. In every other Commonwealth country these affairs are handled by the Prime Minister himself, and the existence of a separate Minister in the United Kingdom is a hangover from the paternalistic past. It would now be appropriate to annex the office of Commonwealth Relations Secretary to that of the Prime Minister, retaining the department with its staff to act as a kind of post office, together with a Minister of State and an Under-Secretary who would help to answer questions and who would act as ambassadors-at-large. If this overdue reform were made Lord Home would not be out of a job, because he is already Lord President of the Council and Leader of the House of Lords, in which capacity he should have his work cut out reforming a Chamber which will otherwise inevitably languish and die.

The Affaire Hailes

THE appointment of Lord Hailes (previously Mr. Patrick Buchan-Hepburn) as first Governor-General of the West Indies was yet another example of Mr. Macmillan's lethal touch in Commonwealth matters. Lord Hailes does not in fact deserve many of the unkind things that have been said about him personally. He is conscientious and, for a politician, unselfish, but he is essentially an old-world character, and he suffers from a shyness which gives him the appearance of aloofness. These traits do not recommend him for a job in which spontaneous warmth and ease of manner are prime requirements, but even if he were ideally fitted for the post the manner of his appointment, and the suggestion that a rejected British Cabinet Minister is good enough for a new Dominion, would be enough to invalidate the choice. We said in February that he should have been left at the Ministry of Works, even though he might have been excluded from the Cabinet. This

is still our view and we deplore the impression which has been created that he has been given a post of vital importance in the Commonwealth as a consolation prize for being dropped from the Macmillan Government.

The Times (which incidentally reported the appointment on a back page) expressed the opinion in a leader that Sir Hugh Foot, now Governor of Jamaica, should have been the first Governor-General. In our opinion the job should have been offered to Princess Margaret, whose visit to the West Indies was notably successful and who sometimes seems to be insufficiently occupied here at home. Under her someone of the calibre of Sir Hugh Foot could have been appointed, say, Commissioner-General to assist the new Federation with political advice. (Princess Margaret, could not, of course, take any part in politics.) If the Princess had been asked to undertake this duty—and we suspect that she was not—we can well believe that she would have entered into it with enthusiasm.

New K.G.s

LOD ISMAY has laid down his charge as Secretary-General of NATO and the Queen has appointed him a Knight of the Garter. This very well-earned distinction would have been more gratifying to his admirers, if not to himself, had it not been conferred at the same time upon Lord Middleton, who is Lord-Lieutenant of the East Riding, a landowner and a businessman. The latter's record appears to be worthy and blameless, and there is no reason to doubt that he merits public recognition. When, however, his career is compared with that of Lord Ismay the disparity is painfully obvious. It is hard to fathom the principle on which appointments to England's most romantic Order are made. That men like Sir Winston Churchill, Lord Halifax, Lord Montgomery, or Lord Ismay should belong to it is quite comprehensible; but a man of Lord Middleton's stature should not, and in all probability would not, feel in the least dissatisfied with the K.B.E.

THE EMIGRANT'S CHALLENGE

By MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.*

WHILE the *Mayflower II* is ploughing its way across the Atlantic, other emigrants are leaving our shores bound for new prospects and horizons. Enquiries are being made by double the number of would-be British emigrants to Canada, Australia and New Zealand compared with January and February of last year. No doubt this is partially due to the sense of humiliation and resentment so widely felt over the Suez fiasco. But it is also the culmination of a process which has been going on ever since the war. Some are fleeing from the fear of nuclear wrath to come. Many more are going for economic reasons.

There is of course nothing new in emigration as such. Throughout the 19th century North America and Australasia were being largely populated by British settlers. But in these days the flow of emigrants from the United Kingdom creates far more serious problems than a hundred years ago. In 1953 a study by N. H. Carrier and J. R. Jerrery was published under the title of *External Migration*. They conclude:

In general, it is the young, the virile, the adventurous who move from an area to try their fortunes elsewhere. It is the strong, the healthy, the industrious who are welcomed by the receiver areas. Large-scale movement of such people from this country at the present time could have serious effects upon its future. The population is ageing, the ratio of dependent population—the very young and the retired—to the workers is growing....

In the early days the call from the colonies was for farmers and labourers. To-day it is for the skilled and the semi-skilled; that is to say, precisely those workers whom Britain most needs. These conclusions have been underlined by the experiences of the last few months. For example, it was stated last February at the

Canadian Immigration Offices that there were many professional people now among the applicants, and that in particular there had been a notable increase in the number of doctors going to Canada. It was even recently reported that almost half the Cambridge undergraduate population was seriously considering emigration. Perhaps that undergraduate poll should not be taken too literally, but it is a straw which shows which way the wind is blowing. The conclusions are clear enough. Emigration from Britain at the present time is something quite different in character from emigration a century ago. Up to 1914 it was broadly true to say that people left these shores because they could not make a living at home. This cannot be the explanation in these days of full employment. There can be little doubt that the present-day emigrant goes overseas from a sense either of adventure or frustration. It is true that the loss in numbers is to some extent made up by the flow of new arrivals from the West Indies and from Ireland. But as was pointed out in the P.E.P. Report on *Britain and Commonwealth Migration* last month, we are importing less skilled workers while we export technicians. The picture is not altogether sombre, for it is true, as P.E.P. points out, that many young people come to this country from all parts of the Commonwealth "in much the same spirit of enterprise and adventure that takes some Englishman to the Commonwealth"—and, I would add, not only young Englishmen, but Welshmen, Scotsmen and Irishmen. It can hardly be disputed, however, that the balance of advantage is against us. We cannot afford the loss of national vitality which must result from the export of so many of our most capable and enterprising young men and women.

* This is not a misprint. Lady Megan insists that her title be not used. EDITOR.

THE EMIGRANT'S CHALLENGE

The numbers of emigrants are not in themselves significant, but they are symptomatic of a general malaise. They go because they are convinced that there are better prospects overseas for themselves and their children. It is said that one of the causes of emigration is the present incidence of taxation. Yet the second Report of the Royal Commission on Taxation could find no evidence of high managerial posts being declined because the rewards were not worthwhile, or that the artist or the professional man abated his energies because taxation had made it not worthwhile that he should exercise them to the full. But the manager or professional man who has reached the top of the ladder is not likely to be a potential emigrant. He may—and almost inevitably does—grumble about the amount of his surtax demand, but it does not occur to him to go overseas and start life anew. The potential emigrant is the skilled man, the technician, who is only half-way up the ladder, and whose income is perhaps somewhere in the range of £800 to £2,000 a year. It was a valid criticism of Mr. Thorneycroft's Budget that it was precisely this class upon whom he conferred no benefit at all. What kind of policy do we need to keep our best brains here and to give them the utmost encouragement and opportunity?

The first essential is to stop inflation. The most deadly criticism of the Budget was that made by Mr. Harold Wilson, namely, that it was an "assignment with inflation." No one suggests that there is a simple answer. But the conclusion is, I believe, unavoidable that we must be prepared to revert to physical controls. Anyone who suggests this is at once labelled a totalitarian monster. But the real issue is not whether we should have controls, but what form they should take. No control is quite so all-embracing as the credit squeeze. It stifles far more enterprise than a system of licences, for the importer or the builder who is able to establish a good case can go ahead. On the other hand, both the deserving and the undeserving are equally throttled by the credit squeeze.



Photo : Keystone Press.

MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE, WITH A BUST OF HER FATHER.

It is certain that unless and until inflation is under control, we cannot embark on an expansionist policy. The Economic Survey for 1956 has disclosed some disquieting features. While industrial production in European countries grew by 8 per cent., industrial production at home did not expand at all. When we consider our exports, the position is not much more encouraging. The increase of 6 per cent. in volume was not sufficient even to maintain our share of world trade in manufactures. In the sterling area, even in the Commonwealth and colonies, our share of the market appears to have fallen. On the other hand, our balance of trade improved, but not so much because our exports increased, as because our imports had remained at the same level. Taken all together, it is not a picture, in the words of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "of a nation girding itself for renewed and greater effort."

One of our most urgent needs is to re-equip our industries. With the exception of the shipping industry, the Budget made no provision to encourage new investment,

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and new projects which might have been undertaken will now be postponed. And this at a time when technical advance is moving at such a rate that even Calder Hall was almost out of date before it was opened. It seems, therefore, almost incredible that, faced with intensive competition in overseas markets, the investment allowances should not have been re-introduced.

It is not only in industry that we need new plant and machinery. It is urgently necessary also to modernize our transport system. A sum of £1,240 million is to be spent on British Railways, which have been neglected for so long. But, unfortunately, there is no comparable road programme. Britain is spending only one-ninth of the money continental countries are devoting to road modernization. Yet it is calculated that the building of new motorways could result in cutting operating costs for industry by at least 10 per cent. It is estimated that as a first step £750 million must be spent on roads in the next ten years. The Government plans, however, to spend only £97 million in four years. Yet if a £750 million loan were raised as and when required over the next ten years, the peak annual cost of interest and repayments over thirty years would be £45 million a year, which seems a small price to pay for the beginning of an efficient British road system.

We rightly complain about the rising cost of food, yet we have easily one of the most costly systems of distribution in the world. And of all the anachronisms, Covent Garden is the worst. Fruit and vegetables come in from north, south, east and west through tortuous, crowded streets to the centre of the City, and are then sent out again, covering the same routes to their destination. Why not construct a *ceinture* round the City with several markets at strategic points? It would entail less handling, and would provide the public with fresher vegetables and fruit at a lower cost.

A long-term national plan of re-equipment and re-organization of this kind, aimed at putting Britain on her feet economically, could provide the sort of

incentive for those now contemplating emigration to remain and devote their energies to their own country. And would it not be possible to deal with the question of taxation by imposing a capital gains tax (as in the United States), and at the same time ease the burden for potential emigrants by increasing the unearned income allowance, at any rate for the first £2,000 of income? It would radically alter the present bias of our taxation policy, and young people would no longer have to cross the Atlantic in search of better earnings and a higher standard of living.

But the need goes much deeper than that. Our aim should be to create a society in which there is equality of opportunity for all. Education is the basic foundation of that equality. Without it there is no equality worth while. Not only in science and technology, but in all branches of popular education we are falling behind other nations. Canada has the highest, and the United States the second highest standard of living in the world. All their children stay at school till they are eighteen, and their university population is proportionately four times as high. France is now raising the school-leaving age to sixteen. The present Minister of Education has declared that while he remains Minister there will be no cut in the estimates of his Department. But with rising prices and an increase in the population, this means a fall in the standard of education.

Our social services have justly earned the admiration of the world, but much remains to be done. Housing and hospital services are inadequate to the need, the aged are expected to live on the barest subsistence means. For forty years, since the early beginnings of the Welfare State, we have been creating a new social order. It is not by economic tests alone that a community can be judged. When emigrants leave our shores, perhaps they will think with regret of some of the advantages of social democracy, and of other characteristic intangible qualities which they will not find in their new homes.

MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE.

IS THERE A NEW GERMANY?

By PETER KIRK, M.P.

THE search for the truth about Germany is one of the most unending, yet rewarding, philosophical searches which it is possible to make. To begin with, the seeker after truth is faced with what appears to be an insoluble dilemma—how is it that the nation of Goethe and Beethoven is also the nation of Hitler and Goebbels? How can the Germans' incomparable contributions to the liberal arts—and, indeed, to the advance of science—be reconciled with the absolute beastliness which they have shown in many other ways?

There are some who try to shrug this question off with the suggestion that the good was long ago, and that now the only good German is a dead German. It is this kind of anti-huntness which produces the commotion which we have recently witnessed over the appointment of General Speidel to command the land forces of NATO. And yet the Germany of Rosenberg was also the Germany of Thomas Mann; Hitler and Stauffenberg both lived at the same time.

Others suggest that there is some subtle distinction between the various peoples of Germany—that the South Germans, the Austrians and the Bavarians are all right, while the Prussians are the cause of all the trouble. Yet Hitler was an Austrian as were Seyss-Inquart and Kaltenbrunner, two of his most moronic followers, and the Nazi movement first flourished in Bavaria. Niemöller and Dibelius both come from Prussia.

The problem cannot be resolved as easily as that. It can only be resolved, in my belief, by realizing that there is, in fact, no problem at all.

Modern history does not record a country which has even been dominated—and willingly dominated—by such a purely evil gang as Hitler and his thugs. If ever anti-Christ took human form, it was in them. But through the dark night with which they covered Europe certain

stars perhaps shone all the brighter, and they were Germans—Claus von Stauffenberg, Adam von Trott zu Stoltz, perhaps, chief of all, the Scholl family of Munich, who stood for the truth at a time when they knew that their only reward would be a painful death. Yet are not Hitler and Stauffenberg merely the two sides of the same medal? Hitler is the fantastic demon, Stauffenberg the fantastic saint. Both are larger than life.

Throughout German literature this trend can be observed. The hero, for Germans, had to be an *Übermensch*—a Superman. Whether he was good or bad mattered little, provided that his stature was greater than that of ordinary men. Goethe's heroes—Faust, Egmont, Götz von Berlichingen, even Werther—were all of them what the Germans like to call *schöne Seelen*—beautiful souls—even though their deeds might be as black as night.

The conception, of course, is not a purely German one. The "one man alone" is to be found throughout romantic literature, in France with Hugo's Hernani or De Vigny's Moïse; in England, for instance, with Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, who belongs to the same school. It led to Hugo's veneration for Napoleon; and the great poet's hatred for Napoleon III was based, not so much on the fact that he was a tyrant, as that he was an inadequate one who, an ordinary man, had dared to take both the name and nature of a superman (and who, in addition, had shown too little appreciation of the superhuman qualities of Hugo himself!)

But in other countries, we grew out of this romantic ideal. Our Supermen—Churchill, for instance—were cut down to size by a percipient British public. In Germany, far from being grown out of, it became a hallowed doctrine. It obtained philosophical status through the writings of Fichte, was raised to a dogma by Nietzsche, reached its absurd apogee in the virtually illiterate Rosenberg. Wagner

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gave the Superman the dignity of grand opera, Stefan George sang of him in incomparable verse. The one attempt to do without him, during the Weimar Republic, ended in chaos, even though it was, by our standards, one of the freest societies the world has ever known. Angels were required; whether God's angels, like Stauffenberg, or Lucifer's, like Hitler, was basically immaterial. Hitler became dictator of Germany in a perfectly legal fashion; no doubt, the Germans would have been just as ready to have Stauffenberg, had he happened to come along. A future Schiller will doubtless sing of Hitler, as his predecessor did of the evil Wallenstein, at the same time as a Goethe is praising Stauffenberg with the same fervour as the great poet praised Egmont.

The search for Superman did not end amid the ashes of the Reich Chancellery. When, four years after the "Thousand Year Reich" ended in flames, the Germans regained their self-government, they saw, with an almost audible sigh of relief, not one, but two Supermen—Adenauer and Schumacher—competing for the leadership. The one they chose is still there, despite his great age. One does not talk about a "Conservative" or "Christian Democrat" Government in Germany; one talks about an "Adenauer" Government. If the German electors had chosen the other way in 1949, it would have been a "Schumacher" Government, not a Socialist Government.

Basically, then, there is no new Germany. Adenauer came to power, and has stayed in power, through perfectly democratic means. He has given the Germans as good a Government as they have had in their history. Yet, it is he who has done it, not his Party, and the difficulty will come when he finally quits the scene—for, despite all the evidence to the contrary, he is mortal. The disadvantage of having a Superman is that he is appallingly difficult to replace. No little Superboys can grow up in his shadow, and in the vacuum which follows his departure, a bad Superman may be cast up in his place

as in 1933. The question who is to succeed Adenauer is one of the most urgent in Europe to-day; it is also one which no German is prepared to face.

The nation takes its mood from the leader. Adenauer has shown no desire to lead Germany to a place in the sun; his leadership has been wise and restrained. He has modelled his country deliberately on ours, a compliment which should make us feel very proud. As a result, the two countries have grown closer together than ever before. The Opposition has taken its tone from the Chancellor; if Adenauer were twenty years younger, I would have no fears for the future of Germany. But, at 82, he cannot be contemplating much more of the drudgery of Government.

There are plenty of able men who could take over the administration. Strauss among the Christian Democrats, Erler among the Socialists, are both as good as any which we in this country could produce. But will they fit the German ideal?

The one hope is that the German people have learnt a lesson from the twelve years of Hitler which will not be forgotten—that it is all right to have your Superman, even an involuntary one like Adenauer, provided he is a *good* man. Though basically there would appear to be no change, in fact, this may be one—and a most important one. There is growing up in Germany at the moment a generation which has learnt to recognize evil and detest it; they still tend to fasten their hopes and ideals on the one and not the many (the recent pilgrimages of German youth to the graves of those whom Hitler murdered, for instance, were inspired by the memory of Anne Frank, a *schöne Seele* if ever there was one; they did not seem to be inspired by any conception of the *number* who had been slaughtered); but the one they worship is *good*. Provided there is always a Stauffenberg as well as a Hitler to choose from, then there is little to fear from Germany.

But it is a big proviso.

PETER KIRK.

GERMANY'S COMING ELECTION

[By REGINALD PECK

PREDICTING election results at any stage is a risky enough undertaking, but predicting them four months before they take place might well seem reckless. Yet here I am going on with it, warning only at the start that, a trifle unnerved at my own temerity, I shall hedge a bit at the end. The election in question is due in Germany in September and the prediction I am making is that Konrad Adenauer will win again.

There now; it is all out in a brief, breathless sentence that seems on paper more trite than temerarious.

Yet saying just *why* may prove a good deal harder than it looks, in a year when there is some very sound evidence for believing that the Socialists (SPD) will make it this time. The public opinion polls, for example, show that the SPD is for the first time level-pegging with the Christian Democrats (CDU) for top place. Then, after two terms of Adenauer—totalling eight years—the swing of the pendulum, if it operates at all, can only be expected to favour the SPD. In a negative but not unimportant way the SPD will also be helped by the weakening of the government coalition caused by the departure of the Liberals (FDP) last year. In terms of specific party programmes, there is the stated determination of the SPD to repeal conscription and to reject atom weapons of all kinds for the *Bundeswehr*. This will attract all those who are worried and indeed alarmed at the re-armament in general and the prospect of atom weapons in particular.

But there is much to set against all this. There is the basic consideration that the German people are essentially *bourgeois* in character and less inclined perhaps than anyone in Europe to dabble in the Marxism that the SPD inevitably remains tainted with, despite much shedding of

doctrine and even the casting out of nationalization plans from its election programme. This is reinforced by knowledge of what friends and relatives in the eastern half of the country are enduring under a forcibly imposed Marxist régime.

Then there is the prestige of the present Government's achievements. Both the material and the diplomatic recovery of Germany have been subjects of world wonder. Besides pride in this for its own sake, the Germans are enjoying its practical results in the form of a rising standard of living and knowledge that their economy and currency are among the soundest in the world.

The young man who shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly as he replied that the military service he was about to embark on would be "an interesting experience" was probably as representative as anyone. His attitude seemed to indicate that the SPD had been a bit off beam in forecasting a sort of passive resistance to the call-up. The atom weapons issue is less easy to pronounce upon, as my hedging paragraphs will show, but the uncertainty does not lead me to change my opinions already formed on the final election outcome.

This means that all in all I still think Adenauer will win. But "winning" is not as simple a term in Germany, with up to half a dozen parties in the field, as it is in Britain where there are only two. In Germany "winning" means in the first place only that Adenauer and his CDU will emerge as the largest party. What happens then may be one of a number of things. Though a coalition must be formed, it may be put together in a number of ways. One would be in the form of what the Press calls a "Grand Coalition," meaning an alliance of the two largest parties, the CDU and the SPD. But so

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long as CDU clings, as it will, to Adenauer, and so long as SPD makes the departure of Adenauer a condition of coalition talks, then the Grand Coalition remains only a paper possibility, included for the sake of the record.

Practical possibilities begin to be approached only with the consideration of a union of SPD and FDP. Although a combination of such near opposites (for though FDP is often called "Liberal" it is in fact the party of big business) has proved workable in the great Ruhr province of North Rhine-Westphalia, it is harder to imagine in Bonn.

A more realistic possibility is that CDU plus the FDP and/or the smaller groups who have always more or less faithfully supported Adenauer will form the next coalition. If the FDP were to come in again—as for the first six of Adenauer's eight years—then that would imply burial of the axe that has divided the two parties since 1955. With fiery Thomas Dehler who wielded the axe now gone from the leadership, the way to reconciliation is more open than it was, though it has to be recorded that waspish old Reinhold Maier who succeeded him is just as anti-Adenauer as Dehler ever was. It remains to be seen if the powerful attractions of office will enable him to overcome his dislike. Maier and his men have so far taken much care to avoid any word that might prejudice their chances as turners of the scale after the election.

If the FDP does fail to compose its differences with the CDU, then the CDU may become completely dependent on the smaller parties, and weaknesses in my prognostications become apparent. For under a rule that says a party polling less than 5 per cent. of the total votes gets no seats at all, these (three) groups may be snuffed right out of existence. The Refugee Party (BHE) which has twenty-seven seats in the present *Bundestag* is rapidly losing its *raison d'être*, as the refugees it came into existence to fight for are absorbed so completely into the West German economy that they no longer need a champion. The German Party (DP) with its very Right-wing tendencies has

sought to stave off the disaster threatening its fifteen seats by fusing with the splinter group of fifteen that remained in the coalition when their parent FDP party broke away. The whole tendency is towards a two-party system, yet the loss of these small groups could be vital to Adenauer.

Having thus started with my hedging I must add some other points. The first concerns atom weapons for the *Bundeswehr*, which I have already admitted to be a difficult issue. The leading German atom scientists have made it even more difficult by so resolutely opposing Government policy in their now famous "Göttingen Declaration." The electorate is confused and alarmed, and if the SPD makes the most of its chances it will remain at least until September. Though it is true that other influences as yet unseen may come to the aid of Adenauer, I can think of none that would weigh so heavily in the balance as the atom question.

But my hedging cannot be complete without reference to the fact that, in spite of his still robust health and his unimpaired mental vigour, Dr. Adenauer himself cannot be expected to be with us indefinitely. The number of people, including many in his own party, who do not share his own apparent belief in his immortality is growing. Even though the Grand Coalition might still remain an outside chance if he went, a very different situation would be created. It would come not only from the search itself for a successor to Adenauer, but also from the importance that might for the first time attach to the normally overlooked fact that the party invariably referred to as the CDU is not after all one party, but two. It is only inside Germany, and not always there, that the separate existence of the Christian Socialist Union is indicated by the juxtaposed letters CSU. Yet this party of particularist Bavarians would always scorn to surrender their Bavarianism and would not hesitate to make use of it as a bargaining weapon if it suited them. My view is that Foreign Minister von Brentano would be the immediate successor, but that he would

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not last. He is an able diplomat and has done well at the Foreign Office, though more as an executive agent of the Chancellor than as an independent shaper of policy. He also lacks the colour and character needed in the man at the top. He never has been, and could now hardly become, a popular leader with a real appeal to the masses. He might be expected to succeed Adenauer in the first state of confusion that would arise in the absence of a generally accepted heir (and here I am plainly assuming that Adenauer does not designate one before he goes), but I doubt if many people would expect him to ride for long the storm that would soon break. So we must look beyond Brentano. As soon as we do so the significance of the separate CSU is seen. The Bavarians would be quite capable of threatening a breakaway from the barely tolerated Prussians (and all non-Bavarian Germans are Prussians in Bavarian eyes) to get their man in.

Their man? There are three Bavarians with claims, though one of them, Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard, happens to sit for the Swabian town of Ulm and is hence CDU pure and proper. Colourful, lively Erhard has done brilliantly as the architect of the German "economic miracle," but he is more of an economic technician than a statesman and might well prefer to remain such. Dry, tetchy Fritz Schäffer has done equally well in his less spectacular way as Minister of Finance and guardian of the currency, and is genuinely CSU. But he, too, is more of a technician and would not make a good Chancellor.

So we reach the relative newcomer Strauss, who is in my view the likeliest candidate. Assuming that Adenauer leads his men to and through the election and emerges as head of the largest party, I would think it an eminently reasonable forecast that burly, beer-loving, Bavarian Strauss might beat both Erhard and Schäffer and all other possible comers, and become Chancellor within a year or two of the election.

Franz Josef Strauss, at forty-two, is



Photo: Camera Press.

FRANZ JOSEF STRAUSS.

tough, energetic and the possessor of what the Germans graphically call "elbows"—which means that he is ruthlessly ambitious. He is one of the few men capable of answering Adenauer back in his own kind of uninhibited language. He refused minor office because he wanted the Defence Ministry then held by Theodor Blank, and finally he got it. We see something of his superiority over Brentano in such matters as facing an audience at Press conferences in Bonn. While Brentano mumbles platitudes at the floor, and by chain-smoking gives the impression of nervousness, Strauss rises up from amid his cohorts (he is invariably flanked by Speidel, Heusinger and top officials) and declaims. It is impressive—and, to those with memories, rather frightening.

It will be a fateful day for us all if he becomes Chancellor. If I were hoping I would say Brentano; but if I were forecasting I would say Strauss.

REGINALD PECK.

CHRISTIANS IN POLITICS*

By KENNETH ROSE

"AND now Lord Halifax has given a noble expression to the Christian conscience," wrote Bishop Hensley Henson to a friend in the summer of 1940. "It is not the first time in History that God elects to speak through the Layman rather than through His ordained servants. The fumbling and calculated platitudes of Pontiffs and Preachers count for little before the simplicity of a layman's faith."

Politicians who carry their faith into public life do not always receive such just or generous appreciation. Their loftiest utterances seldom escape the charge of insincerity, just as their success in worldly affairs is held against them as unbecoming to a man of God. Massey's scornful judgment on Cromwell—"he will weep, howl and repent, even while he doth smite you under the first rib"—has found frequent currency in our own mistrustful age.

Both Sir Stafford Cripps and Lord Halifax have been less fortunate than most governing men in attracting the sneers of the cynical. With the publication of the official biography of one and the memoirs of the other, a juster evaluation becomes possible. And, as Plutarch recognized, there is a peculiar advantage to be sought in contrasting the stories of two characters whose careers compare, but whose minds dwell in different spheres.

Both Halifax and Cripps are descended from families which, rooted as they are in the countryside, have yet given generations of service in high offices of state. Each received the conventional education of public school and university; each entered politics less from motives of ambition or adventure than from a sense of duty; each has brought a whole armoury of fine qualities to Government appointments at home and abroad. Above all, the lives of each have been permeated by an unwearying high moral purpose.

Yet there is a difference of temperament between the two men so profound as almost to obscure their similarities. Dr. Cooke

applies to Cripps the familiar description of Spinoza, a "God-intoxicated man." His religion, he tells us, was not a steady and silent piety, but a strenuous crusade for salvation, for the communion of all mankind with the highest ideals of religious aspiration.

God-suffused rather than God-intoxicated is the phrase more readily fitted to the spirit of Lord Halifax. It is even tempting to remember the purpose of the Church of England envisaged by an earlier Halifax—"a Trimmer between the frenzy of fanatic visions and the lethargic ignorance of Popish dreams." One must always feel impertinent at trespassing on the spiritual preserves of another; yet in a sense Lord Halifax has thrown open his soul to public scrutiny by the publication of his memoirs. To the present writer, *Fulness of Days* brings a deep and genuine pleasure; utter dissolution of an initial shadow of scepticism; and an admiration that a man can have remained so humble while holding offices so great.

A childhood warmed by his father's sympathetic piety equipped Lord Halifax for a lifelong dependence on Christian faith. The daily Communion, the prayer on the morning of SS. Simon and Jude before accepting the Viceroyalty of India, the tolerance shown to all forms of religious endeavour however emotionally distasteful, the wartime broadcasts on the spiritual values without which there could be but an empty victory, the sense of being an instrument of divine will and purpose—these are the strands which have held together the fabric of Lord Halifax's life.

Sir Stafford Cripps, too, was brought up in a climate of living Christianity. From Dr. Burge, then Headmaster of Winchester, he acquired more than a sense of personal dedication. He received his

* *The Life of Richard Stafford Cripps*. By Colin Cooke. Hodder and Stoughton. 30s.
Fulness of Days. By the Earl of Halifax. Collins. 25s.

CHRISTIANS IN POLITICS



Photo: Keystone Press.

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS (WHEN MINISTER OF AIRCRAFT PRODUCTION)
VISITS AN AMERICAN BOMBER STATION IN 1943.

first insight into the influence of ethics on practical politics. As Lord Charnwood was later to write of Burge, "What weighed with him most was his belief that, taken in bulk, the Labour Party did possess a vision of great things to be accomplished, which he thought lacking in statesmen whose judgment in minor matters was better trained."

It was here, of course, that the paths of Cripps and Halifax were bound to part. Lord Halifax brought his personal conception of Christianity to the current problems of politics; Cripps determined that Socialism should become the instrument by which the social justice of Christianity was to be established.

Cripps's political philosophy embraced not only the ends but also the means of the Christian life. He believed with Professor Tawney that "in a Christian society social institutions, economic activity, industrial organization cease to be either indifferent or merely means for the satisfaction of

human appetites. They are judged, not merely by their conveniences, but by standards of right and wrong. They become stages in the progress of mankind to perfection and derive a certain sacramental significance from the spiritual end, to which, if only as a kind of squalid scaffolding, they relate."

Thus Cripps could link his beliefs to those of Archbishop Temple far more readily than could Lord Halifax. In 1942 he spoke in fact at the same Albert Hall meeting which heard Temple state not only that the Church of England had a right and a duty to declare its judgment upon social questions, but that these should favour proposals for the nationalization of land and of money power. To many pious Conservatives this equation of Socialist Party policy with Christianity appeared wrong-headed, if not offensive. Yet Lord Halifax's vision was wide enough for him to appreciate Temple's powers of character and leadership. "To those who knew him

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LORD HALIFAX (BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO THE U.S.) DONS A HELMET WHEN VISITING AN AMERICAN FIRE STATION IN 1941.

best," he writes of his translation to Canterbury, "it was unthinkable that anyone else should be preferred to him, and to do so would have been to inflict grave injustice on the Church at a critical juncture in her history."

Even to those who have watched him from afar, Lord Halifax emerges from the pages of *Fulness of Days* as a lovable man, the very epitome of a Christian gentleman. Family, Parliament, India, Foreign Office, the Washington Embassy—all brought him fresh interests and friendships. His chapters are punctuated by a countryman's discursions on the paucity of partridges or the use of the unreformed calendar in his beloved Yorkshire Wolds. The Master of the Middleton writes with authority on foxhunting, and the discerning reader will note that the dust-cover of the book bears his racing colours of Eton blue and chocolate.

Those who did not know Sir Stafford Cripps personally will carry away a less

agreeable impression from Dr. Cooke's life. The hard truth must be faced; it is a very dull book indeed. Though Cripps's religious and political development is traced with meticulous care, half a page alone has been spared to bring him to life. He was, it seems a jolly man who entertained as beffited a Gloucestershire squire. "If you dined with him," writes his biographer, "you enjoyed a good dinner with good wine, and you were only conscious that he was abstemious and vegetarian; you had no feeling that the fare offered you was a concession to a grosser appetite . . . his austerity was not a public proclamation of a creed, it was a private matter of his own physical health."

This is a most interesting revelation, but it is not enough. A biographer has surely left his task uncompleted when the reader searches in vain to discover who were Cripps's friends; what were the books he read; or the music he listened to; or the pictures he lived with; how far Chris-

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tianity sweetened his private life; and whether that formidable ascetic ever melted into humour. I am haunted by the persistent and unworthy wish that Lord Beaverbrook should be asked to contribute a personal memoir of Sir Stafford.

By temperament, as I suggested earlier, Lord Halifax lacks the zest for fierce political strife and party hubbub. It is no coincidence that he should be the first man since Sir Robert Peel to be elected both to the Carlton Club and to Brooks's. The Queen's Government must be carried on, and Lord Halifax was no less happy serving a Labour Government during his last months at our Embassy in Washington than as Viceroy of India under a Conservative administration. Thus he attempts to pay off few political scores; when, however, he criticizes the attitude of Sir Winston Churchill towards the India Bill for which he, as Viceroy, felt an inspired responsibility, the very restraint of his anger is scathing:

India could hardly be expected to understand how it was that the collective appeal on such an issue of Birkenhead, Churchill, Austen Chamberlain, Lloyd George, Read-
ing and Lloyd would fail to weigh as heavily with the British public as the less brilliant but more solid judgment of Baldwin, supported by the steadiest elements among his Conservative supporters. . . .

I cannot doubt that the choice by public men in England of an attitude and language so lacking in imagination and sympathy was not without its influence at a formative moment in shaping Indian political opinion upon the question of the relation of the new India towards the British Commonwealth, and strengthened the demand for independence.

If Lord Halifax was prepared to view the misguided political opinions of his contemporaries with calm disapproval, he regarded breaches of good manners or of honesty with relentless disdain. There was a brush in 1921 with Sir Winston Churchill, who for several weeks had refused to receive his new Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office, Lord Halifax:

At last I managed somehow to force an entry into the presence. This being achieved, I got something off my chest to

the effect that I had no more wanted to be Under-Secretary to him than he possibly had wanted me to be appointed. But as I was there I thought I had a right to be treated with reasonable consideration; or perhaps I may have said like a gentleman. From that day on no one could have been kinder than Churchill was to me.

The phrase, "like a gentleman," has been chosen deliberately and used with care. Applying the same code of behaviour to Lloyd George, he found himself increasingly unwilling to serve with one "whose influence on public life seemed to me thoroughly unwholesome." He particularly disapproved of the equivocal replies of the then Prime Minister justifying the use of the "Black and Tans" in Ireland:

Whether such policy would have been wise or not is a different matter; but I certainly should have been in no way morally shocked had such a policy been proclaimed and followed. . . . But those who would not have been disturbed by a policy, however ruthless, courageously and honestly declared, were increasingly resentful of what they soon came to feel was sheer mendacity.

Here indeed is a vivid example of the subtle workings of Lord Halifax's mind. One may deplore, though hardly be surprised at, the puzzled astonishment which such mental processes have evoked among men of less sensibility and coarser intellect.

On matters of personal honour, Sir Stafford Cripps was equally punctilious. When re-admitted to the Labour Party in 1944, having been expelled before the war for his advocacy of a Popular Front with Communism, he felt morally obliged to offer his resignation as Minister of Aircraft Production. Sir Winston, who had brought him into the Government as an Independent, rejected the offer with words of affectionate gratitude. The episode was worthy of them both.

A less happy incident which sprang from Cripps's tender conscience was his refusal in 1949 to accept an honorary degree from Bristol University at the hands of its Chancellor, Sir Winston. A week or two before, the then Leader of the Opposition

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had trounced Sir Stafford's sudden devaluation of the pound as an act of doubtful political honesty.

"Although," Sir Winston had said of Cripps, "his personal honour and private character are in no wise to be impugned, it will be impossible in the future for any one to believe or accept with confidence any statements which he may make as Chancellor of the Exchequer." Almost to the end of his life these wounding words—in Sir Winston's eyes merely the stuff of Parliamentary conflict—estranged Cripps from his wartime leader. For while he would accept any charge of incompetence or mismanagement in political affairs, he could recognize no distinction between standards of honourable behaviour in private and in public life.

As the history of the years between the wars unrolls through the pages of these two books, however, the reader may become aware of a growing doubt about both Cripps and Halifax. How was it, he may ask himself, that two men, the one intoxicated, the other suffused with Christian fervour should each have embraced political doctrines so tolerant of evil?

Each perhaps was paying the penalty of that deep inner glow of moral rectitude which overrides intellectual conviction. Yet the unpalatable truth remains that Cripps and Halifax contributed to a situation by which the power of Nazi Germany was allowed to win all but the last battle. That both Cripps and Halifax contributed hugely to Germany's ultimate defeat does not affect the burden of the charge.

To support the National Government in its rearmament policy, however weak, was in Cripps's mind to encourage the old imperialisms that had led to the war of 1914. He went further. When asked how Great Britain would fare at the hands of an inevitably victorious Germany, he replied that Russia had been defeated in the last war, yet had built up a new working-class state; that could happen if we too were defeated. Only on the very eve of the war did he attempt to arouse opinion on the German danger, thereafter devoting

himself unflinchingly to winning the war.

Lord Halifax, too, has been much exposed to criticism for his support of the Chamberlain policy which encouraged German aggression. His defence is moving if not utterly convincing; through it all runs an almost crusading zeal for peace, whatever the price. Only once does he allow himself a word of scorn for those of the Left who have so bitterly attacked the pre-war Conservatives, yet themselves opposed all efforts to rearm the country. He describes how, a few hours before the declaration of war in 1939, he met a prominent member of the Labour Party who said: "Foreign Secretary, can you give me any hope?" To which Lord Halifax replied: "If you mean hope of a war, I think I can promise you a certainty for to-morrow." "Thank God," said the Labour member.

It is also well to have on record Lord Halifax's account of the notorious visit to Hitler and Goering he made in 1937. It came about at the suggestion of the then Foreign Secretary, Sir Anthony Eden. "The facts," he writes mildly, "thus differed from the story that tends to become established of the decision being made by a Prime Minister, bent on appeasement, against the wishes and advice of a robust Foreign Secretary."

One may almost welcome the visit in retrospect. At least it has given posterity Lord Halifax's brilliant vignette of Goering: "A modern Robin Hood: producing on me a composite impression of film-star, gangster, great landowner interested in his property, Prime Minister, party manager, head gamekeeper at Chatsworth." Here we have the philosophic calm, the detached irony which has endeared Lord Halifax to at least one of his readers, and which will surely infuriate many more of his critics.

Within a few weeks of the German visit of Halifax, Cripps too was composing a character sketch, on Neville Chamberlain: "The puny son of one who could at least be called courageous, however mistaken his views, has disgraced not only his native city of Birmingham, but his country and the whole civilized world as well. . . . The

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people of Birmingham have a specially heavy responsibility, for they have given the world the curse of the present British Prime Minister."

Together these two passages may serve to illuminate the unbridgeable temperaments of their authors. Towards men whose views he found distasteful, Lord Halifax would react with amused diffidence, Sir Stafford Cripps with apocalyptic anger. That is why it needed a world war to bring Cripps to high office, whereas the talents of a Halifax are always in demand. A Cripps finds it impossible to compromise either on the ends or the means of political action; a Halifax, holding no less tenaciously to the ends of a Christian society, also possesses that elasticity of mind by which alone they may be achieved in an imperfect world.

"Que voulez-vous que je fasse?"

Clemenceau exclaimed impatiently when taken to task for failing to safeguard French interests at the Peace Conference. "Je m'y trouve entre Jésus Christ d'un côté et Napoléon Bonaparte de l'autre." In his epigram are epitomized the two forces between which the Government of a parliamentary democracy must weave its way.

If a nation is to remain great amid the stresses of the 20th century, it can afford to put its entire trust neither in the spiritual unreality of the first nor in the moral wavering of the second. A Government must of necessity, being a human machine, recruit from both. Its worth, however, will ultimately be judged by those whose ideals are within reach and whose approach to them accords with Christian teaching.

KENNETH ROSE.

OUR DEBT TO AMERICA

By DENYS SMITH

THEY have been talking again in Congress about those Welching British. The occasion was provided by the American Government's refusal to accept a provision of the 1945 Anglo-American debt agreement to the effect that any time certain financial difficulties existed that year's interest payment would be cancelled and Britain would only be required to pay the principal due that year. This provision was no doubt a generous one, although there were quite a number of people at the time (including Senator Taft) who thought that Britain should receive a loan free of all interest in recognition of the relatively greater share of the war burden she had shouldered. The loan also in a sense partook of the nature of a bribe. In return for it Britain was asked to support American commercial and financial policy, specifically to restore sterling convertibility within a year. Most of the loan seeped away in 1947 in a futile attempt to fulfil this impossible condition. Having to pay for a dead horse is perhaps not too uncommon an experience, but the man so

paying can usually rely on the terms of the original sale being kept.

Last December 4, Harold Macmillan, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, told the House that Britain had claimed a waiver of interest due that month "as we consider that under the terms of the agreement we are entitled to it." The American Treasury replied in effect that no doubt we were, but that Congress ought to be associated with any acknowledgement of the fact since the language of the loan agreement was obscure. The chief obscurity was that twelve years ago it had been assumed that Britain's sterling creditors would be in a generous mood and agree to fund a debt which had arisen through the common war effort at a low level. The sterling debts which Britain owed would then be very similar to her dollar debt to the United States. So the United States inserted into the agreement what might be called the "least favoured nation" principle. If Britain claimed a cancellation of her interest payment to the United States she must also reduce her sterling debt pay-

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ments proportionately. Things did not work out that way and there were no sterling debts in the sense anticipated by the negotiators of the loan agreement to be reduced proportionately.

The interest waiver claim had no direct relation to the cost of the Suez intervention which involved very little dollar expenditure. A suggestion that a waiver was justified had been made in the two previous Decembers. But when the American Treasury demurred the British Government, desirous of avoiding a transatlantic argument, did not press the matter. This was recognized during the Congressional debate. Said Carnahan of Missouri: "Let me point out, however, that this amendment to the agreement was not made necessary because of the Suez invasion. Discussions have been carried on with the British concerning the inadequacy of the old formula for a period of three years." But last December, if financial stability were to be maintained, every dollar resource had to be mobilized. Just as the British financial situation was far more pressing last December, so was the British desire to avoid controversy with the United States. The over-riding objective was to heal the rift caused by the Suez intervention. The American Secretary of the Treasury admitted to the House Foreign Affairs Committee that had the case been carried to the World Court, the United States would most probably have lost. The new arrangement "looks to me like a cinch," which prompted one member to remark sarcastically: "it sounds so good I cannot for the life of me see why in the world the British ever went for such a proposition as this."

It seems clear enough we "went for" it in the interest of improving Anglo-American relations. Influential sections of the American press were quite prepared to take up the cudgels on Britain's behalf and support its claim to an interest waiver, and did so for a time. But they could not very well be more British than the British in pressing our claims. The issue, as a matter of fact, fitted in neatly with an American political issue, the Bricker amendment. This is a proposal supported

by right-wing Republicans and States Rights Democrats to adopt a new amendment to the Constitution limiting the President's role in the conduct of foreign policy. The administration oppose it strongly. Yet here they were, not merely agreeing reluctantly under pressure to refer an international matter to Congress, but actually insisting that Congress must be associated in carrying out the terms of an international agreement. If the Administration were going to act on the principle that whenever the United States had to carry out the terms of a treaty or international agreement it must first get Congressional approval and, moreover, that if Congress was likely to object to carrying out the terms it would get the treaty or agreement modified, then there was not much point in opposing the Bricker amendment. The Administration was conceding more than Senator Bricker had ever dreamed of asking.

Once the decision was made to re-submit the loan agreement to Congress it was inevitable that concessions would have to be made to the opposition. Leaving aside the "least favoured nation" principle the old loan agreement provided for an automatic cancellation of the interest payments every time certain unfavourable economic conditions were certified by the Monetary Fund as existing. As redrafted no interest payments will be cancelled. The full loan total, and more, must be paid. Britain can ask for a postponement of both principal and interest up to seven annual instalments. There were no limits to the cancellation clause in the original agreement. Last year's interest payment will also be postponed. But each postponed instalment will be subjected to 2 per cent. interest paid annually. This arrangement reached after a series of back-door discussions with the American Treasury Department may be considered reasonable in all the circumstances. But when commitments are undertaken which may well increase the financial burden of future generations up to the year 2008, a little more public discussion would seem to have been in order. There almost appears to have been a conspiracy of silence on the

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matter so far as the British public was concerned.

One of the troubles which have afflicted Anglo-American relations for a long time is a false British sense of shame about our monetary debt to the United States and a false sense of modesty about the intangible debt the United States owes us which more than counter-balances it. No doubt it is very bad form to argue about money matters, but the debate in Congress on revision of the Loan Agreement showed both that there would be a group of members receptive to such arguments and that in the absence of arguments, fantastic assumptions grow unchecked. Some Congressmen could not bear the thought of approving any kind of a loan to Britain; some thought Britain should be made to pay, waiver clause or no waiver clause. But a majority were either ready to agree that the United States had an interest in British financial solvency, or that the revised agreement was a better bargain from the American point of view. A few of the gems which fell from opposition lips might be cited. Said Mason of Illinois: 'This legislation before us simply means, when boiled down, that we are agreeing to maintain the British Government and the British royalty in the style to which they have been accustomed.' Andrews of Alabama recalled that the British owned some sizeable dollar securities: 'What became of those securities.' (They were used as collateral for an Export-Import Bank credit). Chiperfield of Illinois grumbled that if, under the original Loan Agreement, the U.S. stood to lose a possible two billion dollars and would now lose nothing: 'it seems to me we have only a Hobson's choice—no choice at all but to make a bad deal better.' Gavin of Pennsylvania asked: 'Do you think it was good timing on the part of the British to cut back their taxes at the very time they come here asking us to forgive the interest on this debt.'

All the members quoted above have one thing in common; they all come from States which have in the past defaulted on State debts held in large part by private British investors. The idea that Americans

ever defaulted on debts sounds almost blasphemous these days. But in 1841-42 Arkansas, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi and Pennsylvania all repudiated State bond issues. Between 1848 and 1860 Minnesota, Texas and California did the same. There was another period of repudiation during the 'seventies in which Alabama, Arkansas, North and South Carolina, Louisiana, Mississippi, Minnesota, Tennessee and Virginia participated. It will be noted that several States which had once repudiated debts sold new bonds to a new generation of unsuspicious investors and repudiated again. The last time any State debated the possibility of paying its debts was in 1912 when Louisiana decided by popular referendum not to pay. None of these debts had anything to do with Confederate loans, which naturally became worthless when the South was defeated. Agents for the various States visited England and secured funds by pointing out that State loans would be used on productive enterprises of a self-liquidating character, that the Federal Government had in some cases invested its money in them, while the good name of the State concerned was pledged that they would be honoured.

One famous Englishman who was caught by the first wave of repudiations was Sydney Smith, who had invested money in Pennsylvania bonds. He sent a petition to Congress in 1843 asking that the States should be required to pay and followed this up with a series of three open letters. His language was vigorous. He called the Pennsylvanians who refused to lay a tax of one cent on every hundred dollars to pay their creditors, 'men who prefer any load of infamy, however great, to any pressure of taxation, however light.' His daughter, Lady Holland, in her Memoir of her father, quotes him as giving this reason for his campaign. 'I am no enemy of America. . . . I meddle now in these matters because I hate fraud; because I pity the misery it has occasioned; because I mourn over the hatred it has excited against free institutions.' A section of the American Press was abusive. Sydney Smith was not the only literary

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figure to become angry. Walter Savage Landor, in an Imaginary Conversation between himself and the Archdeacon of Lewes on the misuse and mis-spelling of English words wrote: "To repudiate was formerly to put away what disgraced us; it now signifies (in America at least) to reject the claims of justice and honour."

It has been computed that the repudiated State debts added up to some five or six hundred million dollars. There is no way of telling what proportion of the total was owned by British investors. But even if the amount was small it would at compound interest amount by now to quite a tidy sum. It can be thrown in the balance along with the services rendered by the British navy in protecting the Monroe doctrine for nearly a century and other intangible services too easily forgotten.

Britain's default on the World War I debt was, of course, dragged up again. There is no need for us to be consciously stricken about this, except on the score of the shocking neglect by our officials during the inter-war period of adequate explanation, which played into the hands of the isolationists. Most Americans were convinced, and still are, that Britain paid little or nothing on her war debt; that the United States cancelled the greater part of the debt. They imagine that the first World War was largely financed with money borrowed from America, and that by defaulting the Allies threw most of the financial burden on to the backs of the American tax-payers. None of this is true. Till America entered the war in April 1917, Britain paid "cash on the barrelhead" for all purchases, a total of over \$3,000 million. Even after America entered the war Britain paid for some \$3,000 million and got some \$4,000 million on credit. All the goods, whether paid for or supplied on credit, were charged up to her at inflated war-time prices. They would have been worth roughly half as much at peace-time prices. There was no partial cancellation of the debt. When funded it included the full principal plus interest at 3½ per cent.

But that is a minor part of the story. Britain, like the United States, had helped

finance the war effort of her allies. Putting both totals in dollars at pre-depression exchange rates for the sake of comparison, she had advanced around \$8,000 million to the United States' \$10,000 million. British policy, as stated in the Balfour Note of August 1922, was "to remit all the debts due to Great Britain by our allies in respect of loans, or by Germany in respect of reparations." The Balfour Note was the British Government's apology to its allies for being forced by the attitude of the American Government to abandon the policy it had followed since the war of not asking for repayment. If Britain had treated her creditors as she was being treated by the United States she would have been, as Balfour pointed out, "a large gainer by the transaction." Instead she became a net loser. Before the inter-governmental debt structure collapsed after the 1929 depression everything Britain received, whether reparations or partial repayments from allies, was passed along to the United States. Nothing was applied to relieve the British taxpayer. In fact he had to find an additional \$651 million for the United States from his own pocket. When the books were closed, by Britain voluntarily and by the United States unwillingly under the pressure of events, Britain's total net losses from her war-time advances were slightly more than American net losses. And of course her war-time losses in both material and human terms were far greater. Yet through an excessive desire not to irritate American public opinion we managed to create the impression, which still lingers on, that it was our war debt record which was reprehensible.

Towards the end of the last war it seemed possible for a time that there would not be another post-war debt problem. The United States realized that it was not "helping" its allies and therefore entitled to be paid for that help, but had joined with them in a common war for survival. The value to American security of having a strong Western European shield between herself and a possible aggressor was brought home forcibly by the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia and the Marshall

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Plan (now known as the Mutual Security Programme) was adopted. Its main basis, as has been recognized in legislation each year, is not just humanitarian and charitable, but is the promotion of the national interests and security of the United States. The British post-war loan was a faulty and inadequate approach to the same problem which came a year too soon. It was a pity we did not wait.

One lesson to be learned from this historical survey is that reticence does not pay. If you do not blow your own trumpet in international affairs, nobody is going to blow it for you as loudly as it should be

blown. We have now reached a period in history when Western diplomacy must be American diplomacy, and the main cost of maintaining the instruments to back it up will logically, therefore, fall on the United States. We should perhaps feel better about it, and the United States might feel less irritated about it, were the recognition more general that the reason why, before the first World War, the U.S. could safely maintain only about 100,000 men in her armed services was that the shoe for a long time was on the other foot.

DENYS SMITH.

NOTE ON MAX BEERBOHM

By RONALD SEARLE

(With a hitherto unpublished self-portrait by Max)

DURING the last days of May and the early part of June, there is to be held at the Leicester Galleries a Memorial Exhibition of Caricatures by Max Beerbohm. It is impossible to associate the gloomy word "memorial" with the indestructible Max; Max who was born a legend and accepted with polite resignation his position as a classic; Max who planted his own eternal laurels. Who else combined such formidable perfection and used it with such cool judgment as this wasp in butterfly's clothing; establisher of "peaceful aggression" in the arts? In caricature Max used a rapier with such finesse that a victim was misled into admiring the grace with which it was used before realizing that he had himself been transfixed.

Max was a giant-killer. His wit needed to operate on the highest level; lesser men were unfair game. He knew this and departed, taking his Age with him into the sun. He could not have belonged to this age of plastic pixie-hoods. And yet one wonders, is there not the faintest possibility that Max has merely been getting his second wind? Are there not the slightest grounds for suspicion that this "Memorial Exhibition" is to be held at the instigation of Max himself—a temporary diversion from his endless research at Rapallo for an essay on Idleness as a Classic Minimus?

* * * * *

Note on the Illustration:

Fifty-seven years ago Max was a guest at the Ladies' Inaugural Dinner of the O.P. Club. It was held at The Criterion with Miss Lena Ashwell in the chair. Max had at that time been for two years dramatic critic of The Saturday Review. At the dinner he signed, in company with many other guests, a menu, and possibly in response to the demands of some charming lady, added a small self-portrait which is here reproduced. The menu came to light last spring, just before Max died. It had been tucked away among the dusty confusions of a Notting Hill Gate bookseller, hardly more than a step away from Max's own youthful home.

RONALD SEARLE.



CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, The National and English Review

ON RESIGNATION

From Mr. Geoffrey P. Smith

SIR,

Mr. Henry Fairlie's article "On Resignation" in your April issue may be invigorating but it is scarcely consistent. He states that "a resignation is justified if it succeeds." And he believes that there are only two legitimate reasons for a politician taking such an extreme step: "if, by doing so, he forwards his own career", and "if this is the only way of forwarding a major policy to which he is committed." Yet he goes on to classify Sir Winston Churchill's resignation from the Conservative Shadow Cabinet because of his opposition to the India Bill as "one of the few justified resignations in British politics of this century"—despite the fact that Sir Winston's campaign, magnificent though it may have been, was in a lost cause. Sir Anthony Eden's resignation in 1938 is defended not because of his opposition to the principle of appeasement, nor evidently because he backed the right policy at a crucial moment in the history of this country, but, it seems, for no better reason than personal pique at being overruled in the conduct of his own department by the Prime Minister. Finally, Sir Edward Boyle's recent resignation is condemned because he did not express his views sufficiently forcibly in Parliament and the country, and because he has since resumed office under a Premier whose implication in the Suez adventure is beyond question.

Surely what Mr. Fairlie is getting at is that no resignation should be a mere token gesture; it should be an act of deliberation with a specific purpose in mind. If we accept that as the sole criterion, Sir Winston's resignation is justified for the reason outlined by Mr. Fairlie; it enabled him to wage a vigorous campaign against a Bill which he detested. Sir Anthony's decision was right because he could thereby dissociate himself from a policy which he might otherwise have been thought to have formulated. And Sir Edward's action can be defended for much the same reason—he wanted to make his position on the momentous Suez issue plain beyond doubt, so that his hands would be free if he were to come to real power in the future. A few more speeches would have been quite irrelevant to that purpose, and would probably have served only to infuriate his constituency association beyond the point of tolerance.

If Mr. Fairlie objects that this explanation does not differ from his own justification for

a politician forwarding his own career, it is surely fair to ask him why he condemned Sir Edward out of hand. Has he already taken it for granted that Sir Edward backed the wrong horse? If so, is he not confusing the roles of political analyst and prophet? And, in any case, there are many, even among Conservatives, who would feel that on this issue it is Mr. Fairlie's judgment that is at fault.

Yours faithfully,
GEOFFREY P. SMITH.

9, Palmerston Place,
Edinburgh.

April 17, 1957.

STOCK-TAKING ABOUT SUEZ

From Mr. John North

SIR,

Mr. H. G. Pitt writes: "It is not easy to understand why the operation took so long and why the first troops were not landed until November 6, two days after both Egypt and Israel had accepted the British demand for a cease-fire ten miles short of the Canal."

"Two days after"—Mr. Pitt would appear to be in error. When announcing the "cease-fire at midnight" in the House of Commons on the evening of November 6, Sir Anthony Eden began his statement: "During the night we received from the Secretary-General of the United Nations a communication in which he informed us that both Israel and Egypt had accepted an unconditional cease-fire." He added that the Government still awaited confirmation of the Secretary-General's message.

Again, Mr. Pitt asks "what possible object could the destruction of the Egyptian Air Force have, if not to ease the Israel position?" The answer is—perhaps one may suggest—that the Egyptian Air Force was a negligible military factor in the overall picture, and that the destruction of its airfields and their installations was the primary mission of the Royal Air Force. Not otherwise do its prolonged operations make sense; and, at the time, the Israeli commanders well understood that the strategic purpose of the bombing was to prevent the possibility of the arrival of Russian "volunteers."

Yours very truly,
JOHN NORTH.

Army and Navy Club,
Pall Mall,
S.W.1.
May 9, 1957.

TWO £20 PRIZES are offered

one for a political, one for a literary, essay ; the subjects are :

- 1. "Education and the Vote."**
- 2. "The Influence of Science in English Literature since 1918."**

Either of these may be attempted ; the prizes will be awarded separately. The length of each should be not less than 2,500 and not more than 4,000 words. They will be judged with the help of expert consultants (names to be announced later). Winning entries may be published in the Review. Closing date for entries : October 1st, 1957. Condition of entry—one year's subscription to the Review. (If you are already a direct subscriber we can check your name on our list. If you subscribe through a news-agent, could you please give details? If you are not a subscriber, see below.)

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DEV'S LAST CHANCE

From Miss Enid Lakeman
SIR,

Brian Inglis, in his interesting article, says that the partition of Ireland "was by no means inevitable from the beginning." I imagine he would agree that partition and a great deal of other trouble could have been avoided if Home Rule had been granted when Gladstone fought a general election on that issue in 1886. And why wasn't it? Not because the electors turned down Home Rule—the election in fact showed that a small majority was in favour—but because our electoral system so distorted the result as to give a Parliamentary majority of 104 against it. Had Britain been using P.R. then, as Eire is using it now, the history of both countries would have been different, and happier.

That proportional representation system was "imposed by the British" upon Ireland; true, but it should be pointed out that the Irish Free State afterwards incorporated it in the Constitution of its own accord. The Northern Ireland Unionists were opposed to P.R. from the start, and scrapped it as soon as they could; hence the gerrymandering (which is impossible to any serious extent under P.R.) and hence also, in large part at least, the much worse relations between the religious communities as compared with Eire. In Eire (where P.R. enables a member of the Protestant minority to vote, say, for all the Fianna Fail candidates, but to pick out for first preference any one of them who is a Protestant), the religious minority has fair representation through Deputies belonging to several different parties, and so little is the cleavage felt that it is quite difficult to find out which are, in fact, the Protestant Deputies. But in Northern Ireland every Unionist M.P. is a Protestant and every Nationalist M.P. a Catholic, and the Catholic minority has no hope of sharing in the Government. P.R. has been, as described by Canon Luce (a leader of the Protestants), "a healing and a unifying force" in Eire; our own voting system is very much the reverse in the North.

Yours faithfully,
ENID LAKEMAN

*The Proportional Representation Society,
86 Eccleston Square,
S.W.1.
April 10, 1957.*

From Mr. Brian Inglis
SIR,

The letter from Mr. Orr in your May issue will at least have helped English readers to understand how hard it is to reach any solution of Ireland's problems. There is a growing disposition among people both North and South of the Border to discuss them sensibly; but—also on both sides of the Border—there are politicians who are determined to keep the issue on an emotional level. I know that it is no use arguing with them; but there are two points in Mr. Orr's letter which ought to be answered. If he believes that religious discrimination against the Catholic Nationalist minority in the North does not exist, perhaps he will explain why they should hold only about one-tenth of the executive, clerical and administrative posts (the proportion at the higher levels is even smaller) when they comprise about one-third of the total population? Or why the Government should have turned down a man who had been selected as Town Clerk of Belfast on the grounds that his wife was a Catholic? These and many other examples of discrimination can be found in Frank Gallagher's *The Indivisible Island* (Gollancz, 21s.) a book which, for all its faults, contains an impressive quantity of factual evidence about Northern Ireland.

Mr. Orr complains about my comment that the Six-County State was "founded in fraud and maintained by force." The fraud was, of course, Lloyd George's—not Ulster's; and if Mr. Orr is not aware of the facts, he should read what Carson had to say on the subject in 1924. As for the force, I suppose Mr. Orr shares what is coming to be a prevalent Unionist illusion that the Catholic Nationalists who comprise the majorities in Derry and Newry, in Fermanagh and Tyrone, are not really anxious to renew their links with the South. How, in that case, does he account for the fact that the overwhelming majority of nationalists in these areas voted at the last election for Sinn Fein candidates, pledged to use any means, force if necessary, to break partition? The inhabitants of these districts would long ago have opted for reunion with the South had they been allowed to do so.

Yours, etc.
BRIAN INGLIS.

*4 Old Burling on Street,
W.1.
May 9, 1957*

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

HUNGARY'S CANDLE *

By ERIC GILLETT

EVENTS move so quickly nowadays that to-day the Hungarian Revolution of October 1956 has become only a dim memory to the English reader. I should not say that Laszlo Beke's *Student Diary* is a good book, but it is so burningly sincere, so important as the record of a magnificent though abortive attempt, that I recommend it without hesitation as a book which should be read by everyone on this side of the Iron Curtain who is concerned with the freedom of human beings, suppressed for years under the Russian domination. "No one imagined," Mr. Beke writes, "a revolution of blood second only to the French Revolution in the fury of battle, dedication to ideal, and sacrifices on the altar of freedom."

To-day the author and his wife have escaped to freedom in Canada, but his parents still live in Hungary and for this reason his diary of the October rising gives few details of his personal life and background. He was, in fact, one of the forty-three students of Budapest who had a secret, early morning meeting one October day and started "an avalanche that couldn't be stopped." There had been four months of student unrest before the actual revolt flared up, but the rebellion began to crystallize on October 16.

Mr. Beke and his wife are safe now, but he was a member of the first Free Students' Council, which later became the Students' Revolutionary Council, and he describes what he saw and experienced because he feels that people in the free world should be informed about these events. He does not pretend to be a writer, and he is not a particularly good one. He had been an officer in the Hungarian Army, who later went to Budapest University, where he was an art student. When he was in the Army he learned to hate the Communist Army and Communism in general. As an undergraduate he met another art student, Eva, and several weeks before the revolution his wife told him that they were expecting their first child. Their combined scholarship money, 800 florins a month, was just about enough to pay for a small unheated room and their food. The room alone cost 350 florins a month. Their board at the University

cafeteria was about 20 florins a day. They never ate on Sunday when the cafeteria was closed; they saved their Sunday food money to buy vital necessities. To give some idea of the value of money in Hungary, for 350 florins you could buy a cheap pair of shoes or two shirts or three bottles of 40 per cent. rum.

Having strong English sympathies the Bekes used to visit the British Legation where they were shown English films. These impressed them with the almost unbelievable living standards in the West. One film depicted a lorry-driver's home in the United States, which would have compared favourably with the home of a Government official in Budapest. On returning from one of these visits they were accosted by the Secret Police and told to surrender their identification cards. This was as good as a prison sentence because without them it was impossible to get a job. The only work they could hope for was as labourers in a mine or a factory. Two days later the head of the University Faculty of Arts called them into his office. For the present, he said, their only punishment would be the forfeiture of their scholarship money. He warned them that if they made any further attempts to learn English they would be in serious trouble, not only with the University but with the Government of the People's Democracy. To sum-

* *A Student's Diary*. By Laszlo Beke. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

Mission Completed. By Air Chief Marshal Sir Basil Embry, G.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C. Methuen. 25s.

On the Poetry of Keats. By E. C. Pettet. Cambridge University Press. 35s.

The Common Muse. Edited by Vivian de Sola Pinto and Allan Edwin Rodway. Chatto and Windus. 25s.

The Road to Tyburn. By Christopher Hibbert. Longmans. 16s.

This Hallowed Ground. By Bruce Catton. Gollancz. 16s.

South from Granada. By Gerald Brenan. Hamish Hamilton. 21s.

The Road to Santiago. By Walter Starkie. Murray. 25s.

The Body's Imperfection. The Collected Poems of L. A. G. Strong. Methuen. 18s.

The Stones of Troy. By C. A. Trypanis. Faber. 10s. 6d.

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marize the author's experiences in a sentence, "Hungary's candle of freedom burned bright for a brief moment, then was snuffed out."

One reads of the students and their fellow citizens attempting to capture the radio station when they were without weapons and had only bricks and courage to help them. He writes of their desperate attempts, after their first efforts had succeeded, to hold Budapest against Russian tanks, when small boys of twelve and thirteen threw Molotov Cocktails which they had been taught to make at school for use against the Fascist enemies from the West. He describes how the streets were soaped to make the tanks ineffective. He notes with horror the corpses of his fellow rebels suspended along the once fashionable Danube promenade. Women and children were massacred in a public square. Rebel cars with loudspeakers passed under the window of his flat calling on Budapest citizens to join in the battle for freedom in any way they could. "Fight, if you can fight!" the cars' loudspeakers blared out; "Help the wounded. Bring supplies. But for the love of God, help Hungary!"

Ten days later the rebels felt that they had brought the Russian domination to an end, but it was a vain hope. After promising to withdraw, the Soviet tanks returned again and the students' hopes were frustrated.

Mr. Beke wrote his book in the happy atmosphere of Canada at Christmas time. He and his wife had escaped to the freedom of the West, and it is for the West that he has written this very moving diary. I hope it may have the numerous readers that it deserves.

It would be impossible to find an ideological climate more different from that experienced in *A Student's Diary* than in Air Chief Marshal Sir Basil Embry's *Mission Completed*. Sir Basil's most important and fruitful years were those spent as Commander-in-Chief of Fighter Command during the war. Sir Basil was a first-class fighter and leader. His attitude can be summed up in a few words. He is a man who believes that a Commander-in-Chief must participate as fully as possible in the activities of the men he leads. He served in the R.A.F. for thirty-five years. He retired as Commander-in-Chief, Allied Air Forces, Central Europe, at the end of 1955.

While he was always an inspiration to his men, he was obviously a headache to the Higher Command. It is often so with born commanders who are outstandingly good active service leaders. They will only recognize a committee of one, and questions of

policy outside their own orbit are things to which they cannot, by virtue of their temperament, enter into or regard with the importance they deserve, and this is probably the only reason why Sir Basil is not now in employment.

Mission Completed has already been reviewed as an egocentric book. It is, and that explains the author's great merits and his shortcomings. It will only be necessary to say that on promotion from one post to another he delayed his transfer for a dozen hours in order to take part in a reconnaissance flight over enemy-occupied territory in France. He was shot down and taken prisoner by the Germans. This did not daunt him in the slightest degree. Dressed as a tramp and disguising himself as a French, Belgian, American or Irish refugee at will, he tried to get back to the Allied lines, and after Dunkirk he managed to travel to the South of France and from there to England. As Squadron-Leader Smith he took part first as the head of a night fighter wing during the Battle of Britain and then with a Desert Air Force during the Eighth Army's offensive in November 1941. Later he planned and flew on low-altitude precision attacks on the Gestapo Headquarters at Aarhus, Copenhagen and Odense, and on the famous "Operation Jericho" when the walls of Amiens Prison were demolished to allow 258 French patriots, many of them under sentence of death, to escape.

This is a fascinating record, one of the most readable books to have been written by any commander in the last war.

There is a story that when Keats was a boy, devoted to his mother, he stood with a sword outside her sick room and prevented the doctors entering. It was at this time that his schoolmaster thought that when he grew up he would become a commander of note, who might easily rise to be either a general or an admiral. Mr. Pettet's *On The Poetry of Keats* is an attempt to examine almost all of his poetry and to show how he set out to achieve the results he got.

Having read in the last few years a number of these scholarly assessments and re-assessments, I begin to feel that much contemporary criticism is over-elaborate. Just as modern composers and artists frequently strive to get too much out of their media, contemporary critics are often inclined to make very heavy weather of writing about various branches of literature. *La Belle Dame sans Merci* provides Mr. Pettet with forty-seven pages of laborious study. As a lover of Keats I found much of this most interesting, and I was particularly struck in an earlier chapter by some very

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relevant comments which appear here for the first time, as far as I know, on Keats's indebtedness to Scott.

On the Poetry of Keats is a book for the scholar and the student. It is sincere and most carefully done, but I cannot help feeling that this is only another sign that there is a school of critics writing to-day who seem to be unable to allow that a work of art written, and this must be emphasized, for the general reader should be surrounded by a complicated network of critical aids. This is a viewpoint that I heartily dislike and can never support.

In *The Common Muse*, an anthology of popular British ballad poetry extending from the 15th to the 20th century, the editors, Professor de Sola Pinto and Mr. Rodway, have paid popular street songs and ballads the compliment of devoting to them serious critical attention. It is widely known that Shakespeare frequently used lines from this street poetry in his plays and that poets as diverse as Wordsworth and Kipling have been influenced by it.

The principal merit of these street ballads is that they often catch the mood of the moment better than more ambitious efforts. They are, in fact, a kind of shrewd popular comment on social history. Often enough in the past they have been the true voice of the people. The editors have made a wise choice, which should be as popular in the smoking-room as it will be in the more rarefied atmosphere of the study.

Innumerable street ballads were written about the famous Jack Sheppard, who was hanged in 1724. In *The Road to Tyburn*, Mr. Christopher Hibbert tells his story, and fills in neatly the jungle background of 18th-century brothels, gin cellars and doss-houses. This is a fascinating rogues' gallery. Sheppard's personality is worthy of commemoration, and Mr. Hibbert has done it handsomely.

The American Civil War, which has in recent years furnished so rich a supply source for the Hollywood film studios, has been given a much more serious treatment by an excellent contemporary American historian, Mr. Bruce Catton. In *This Hallowed Ground* he has written a vivid account of the fight to preserve the Union, from the Northern point of view, but in terms of the individual exploits of men from both sides, which has won the enthusiastic praise of Professor Henry Steele Commager. I have not enjoyed a book of American history so much since I read Henderson's *Stonewall Jackson*. I recommend it sincerely to anyone who enjoys stirring, well-written historical narrative.

The steady flow of good books about Spain continues. It seems to be generally agreed by the experts that Mr. Gerald Brenan has written better about the country than anybody else. His *South from Granada* shows him in his best form.

Soon after the First World War he settled at Yegen, a small mountain village in Andalusia, and this book is an account of seven years he spent there, identifying himself with the people and living as primitively as they did. It is not surprising to find all kinds of fascinating details, which include witches, love philtres and some striking sketches of local eccentrics. These are varied by his visitors, including prominent members of the Bloomsbury set whose responses to the primitive life are very entertaining.

Dr. Walter Starkie, in *The Road to Santiago*, uses the recipe which has proved so successful in his earlier books about his travels in Spain. It is an able variation on a Bellocian theme. Travel, history and autobiography are cleverly blended in this account of a pilgrimage to Compostella. Dr. Starkie has made the trip four times in the last thirty years. His scholarship is deep and lively. *The Road to Santiago* is a delightful entertainment.

Two volumes of poetry have just appeared. The Collected Poems of Mr. L. A. G. Strong, *The Body's Imperfection*, are a reminder that this very accomplished writer wrote a considerable amount of good verse in the earlier part of his career. *The Body's Imperfection* includes fifty-two new poems. I do not believe that Mr. Strong would claim to be a considerable poet, but there is no doubt that he can be a good one.

Constantine Trypanis, whose death a short time ago deprived Oxford of a brilliant Professor of Byzantine and Mediæval Greek, recently prepared a book of published and unpublished poems, *The Stones of Troy*. Anyone who delights in the old Greek feeling for directness and economy of words will enjoy these excellent verses.

ERIC GILLETT.

WHAT IS A ROMANTIC ?

THE ROMANTIC SURVIVAL. By John Bayley. Constable. 18s.

THIS is an ambitious, original and thoughtful book. It attempts "to show how romantic ideas, developing and proliferating over the course of more than a century, affected the writing and the reading of imaginative literature"; how romanticism was conceived of by the poets of the Romantic

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revival, how in many ways the novelists rather than the poets of the 19th century were "the real beneficiaries of the great Romantic endowment," how "counter-reformations," like the classicism of T. E. Hulme, Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot, "sought to discredit romanticism and reverse its tendencies," and "how the universe of romantic poetry began to shrink, diminishing into the mental world of the symbolists, or into a catalogue of stock romantic properties." In the second part, in three essays on W. B. Yeats, W. H. Auden, and Dylan Thomas, Mr. Bayley tries to show that these three poets, in whose work he sees many of the aspects of "classical" romanticism, "constitute the greatest and most interesting exponents of a new sort of romantic revival," a survival through poetic evolution.

It is at least questionable whether romanticism is, in a literary sense, definable; when an attempt is made, it can only be done in the widest possible terms. The crude essence of "successful" romanticism is that it imagines "a world different from anyone else's." This is the nearest that Mr. Bayley comes to a definition. He relies mostly upon description, quotation and diagnosis to convince us of his main argument. The result is that there are times when the reader, pausing after some particularly brilliant piece of analytical criticism, wonders whether a definition of any kind, however wide, can be really valid: "At one extreme, we have poetry as all-inclusive"; at the other, poetry is "a fascinating secretion of the mind, yet all but meaningless in terms of the mind's other activities and co-ordinates"; and somewhere in between, "poetry as prose," which is indeed an "unsettling Romantic hypothesis." When Mr. Bayley excludes Walter de la Mare, for the purposes of his argument, in favour of Auden, and gives as his reason that de la Mare's poetic world touches actuality only "at the edges," we begin to wonder what has become of the original definition. It is in no way to belittle the author's purpose or his book to say that at the end, we are not ready to accept, without further question, the main lines of his argument; what we have is literary criticism of a very high order, from a critic who understands that "a poem is both ghost and machine," and who brings to his work an intuitive critical faculty informed by wide scholarship and lightened by a sense of humour.

In the essays on Yeats, Auden and Dylan Thomas, Mr. Bayley is at his best, because perhaps, at his happiest. He gives a picture of Yeats's aims, methods and development

which is both necessary and acceptable—an achievement when one considers the confusing nature of some of the poet's most oracular pronouncements and the rather negative conclusions of most of his modern critics. The linguistic approach which he offers us in considering Thomas's poetry is perhaps not so completely successful. But his study of Auden is the finest part of the book, a fully realized and entirely satisfying piece of explanatory and appreciative criticism.

ANGUS MACINTYRE.

WHIGS ON THE GREEN

THE STRANGE CASE OF THOMAS WALKER. By Frida Knight. *Lawrence and Wishart Ltd.* 21s.

THE treason trials of 1794 are of perennial interest and imperishable pictures of Godwin's strictures, Hardy's integrity, one-eyed Horne's wit and snuff, Erskine's eloquence, Scott and Mitford's tears, Grey's gloomy forebodings, Crabb Robinson's hysterical joy, and Pitt's truculent declaration that he would have arrested Fox if a jury would convict, are woven into the tapestry of our political history. What a year it was, and what a galaxy of talent shone. Scott just called to the bar and Burns within two years of catching his death in a ditch. Silas Comberbatch of the Dragoons (S. T. Coleridge) was discharged to join Southey and plan pantisocracy on the Susquehanna. The new Drury Lane opened with Kemble and Miss Farren (and later the Divine Sarah) under the management of Sheridan. "England's Jane" was sharpening her pen, Wordsworth made his first visit to the Lakes with Dorothy, Cowper lapsed into insanity whilst Tom Paine bade farewell to the condemned Danton from his prison in the Luxembourg. The year opened with Canning's maiden, apostasizing speech and closed with the departure of Caroline, from Brunswick, in the clean petticoats prescribed by Malmesbury to wed the already married Prince Regent.

Thomas Walker was a prosperous Manchester manufacturer, a friend of Watt and Wedgwood, who led a deputation to Westminster against the tax on fustian, manfully sustained a cross-examination by Thurlow, returned a popular hero and became borough-reeve of the town. He founded a short-lived Whig newspaper, and as his political activities increased public approbation turned to reprobation and the mob attacked his house. He and several colleagues were arrested for

WHIGS ON THE GREEN

high treason and finally indicted for conspiracy and sedition. The trial is well known and has few points of special interest and it has recently been described (more graphically but less accurately than by Mrs. White) by the defender of Alger Hiss (*For the Defence*, by Lloyd Paul Stryker, Staples Press). Erskine defended. The evidence of the usual wretched informer, who had betrayed both sides and, in the final stages, was too drunk to testify, and who was later convicted of perjury, proved incredible and an acquittal followed. Mrs. White's patient and laborious researches have produced little new and that little of no great interest.

Mrs. White presents the facts about Walker with scholarly accuracy, but in the provision of background material her hand is less sure. Observations so diffuse as to extend from Catherine of Russia to the American Colonies, and incorrect references to the trial of Paine and of Frost, add little to the value of the book. Like most writers on the period, she fails to give the devil his due. On the one side were all the talents, on the other Pitt. But there were traitors, Arthur O'Connor, the Stones; and Parson Jackson, who was at that moment planning with Rowan and Tone a French invasion of Ireland. Soon the French Fleet was in Bantry Bay.

Though it was good for justice that juries acquitted, it was good for Britain that Pitt remained.

LESLIE HALE.

Novels

THE SPIRAL ROAD. Jan de Hartog. *Hamish Hamilton*. 18s.

THREE LIVES. Lettice Cooper. *Gollancz*. 15s.

THE YOUNG LIFE. Leo Townsend. *Cape*. 15s.

THE UNROMANTICS. William Rogers. *Bodley Head*. 12s. 6d.

EVERWHERE I ROAM. Ben Lucien Burman. *Longmans*. 16s.

I SHALL MAINTAIN. Brigid Knight. *Hutchinson*. 15s.

THE IMPERFECT WEAVE. Caroline Rogers. *Heinemann*. 16s.

TONIGHT AND TOMORROW. Simon Troy. *Gollancz*. 12s. 6d.

JAN DE HARTOG'S *The Spiral Road* is a story of the Indonesian jungle in the latter days of Dutch colonialism. Like the jungle, the book is intricate and swarming; the main

story, branching off into dense undergrowth, is that of Anton Zorgdrager, a young Dutch doctor who has just signed on for his first term in the Colonial Health Service. Anton is the only son of a Dutch pastor: he is engaged to Els, the typical blue-eyed blonde whose photograph every newcomer in the Colonial Service carries around in his wallet. Anton has hardly landed and reported himself when he is sent down the river to deal with an outbreak of plague at Rauwatta, in the heart of the jungle. There he is met by the almost legendary Britz-Jansen, the greatest living authority on leprosy, a hulk of a man with enormous appetites and colossal energies. It is a rough initiation for the boy straight from home, for although Dr. Britz-Jansen immediately perceives the young man's quality as a doctor, he is not going to let him down lightly. The newcomer must be hardened or he will succumb to the evil forces of the jungle. Britz-Jansen's method of dealing with the plague at Rauwatta is drastic, he is going to burn down the rat-infested palace of the Sultan, an old tyrant who had once visited Holland and been received by the Queen, and whose capricious affections Britz-Jansen holds by playing interminable games of billiards with him. Once the Sultan is detached from his verminous home he is to be sent to a leper colony, for, as young Anton sees in his first flash of diagnosis, the old man has leprosy. There can seldom have been a more terrifying account of the ravages of leprosy than is given in this book, the main theme of which is the destructive power of the jungle upon the human spirit as well as upon the flesh. Of the three young men who came out on the boat with Anton, two meet horrible ends and Anton himself is nearly destroyed. When the simple conventional Els comes out to join him she finds not the gentle and affectionate young man she had loved, but a moody, hag-ridden creature whose sexual appetites are violent and who has neither time nor inclination for anything like a shared life.

Much of the book is quite horrifying reading, but it has its humours. Loukish and boisterous pleasures are the only outlet for men condemned to unremitting work in hellish conditions. Even so they too often sink into that heart of darkness always waiting to receive them. It takes a man of the stature of old Britz-Jansen, the best portrait in the book, to maintain his intelligent curiosity and his belief in the values of the spirit which is not in the least impaired by his willingness to disregard conventions as unimportant minutiae. That the only talisman against the power of

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darkness is the power of goodness is the lesson of this powerful and absorbing book.

Lettice Cooper's *Three Lives* is, by contrast, a gentle and charming book, a little too caught-up, like most of us, in the daily round of contemporary anxious living, but having, beneath its smooth carpentry and dovetailing of character and incident, great reserves of compassion and understanding. Nunbarrow Hall, a lovely Queen Anne house in a Yorkshire valley, dominated by mills and now further disfigured by opencast mining, has been acquired as a centre for Adult Education, mainly through the efforts of a very pushing local politician, and Lawrence and Margery have come, after many buffettings, to preside over it. Margery falls in love with the place, and very nearly with its owner, who retains one wing of the house for private occupation while his old aunt, Lady Martindale, survives. Amyas Durrant is a self-indulgent creature and a failure in his own way of life, but his charm, his freedom from the small fretting cares which have always harassed Margery and Lawrence and the wider horizons of which he can give glimpses, have a remarkable fascination for Margery, while he, marking time until he can leave Nunbarrow for good, finds himself unexpectedly responsive to her. But his real interest is in Tod Greenwood, a young miner who wishes to get away from the mine but who yet feels bound as if by an umbilical cord, to it. How all these people solve their problems makes up a very good book, admirably written and delicately balanced.

The Young Life is a propaganda novel, and as is the way with such it pulls out all the stops to make itself heard. The story is the distressing one of a girl of fourteen who has been assaulted by a gang of youths. Shock, pain and the insensitive handling of stupid parents, prurient acquaintances, and officials who seem little more perceptive, main the girl psychologically for life. Sex will always be abhorrent to her. This part of the book is only too convincing. The author is further concerned to prove that the girl's condition is exaggerated by the trivial punishment meted out to her attackers; the principal offender escapes scot-free owing to a clever defence. The writer makes a point effectively by exposing the kind of sentimentality which prefers to explain away evil rather than to recognize and cope with it. But he (or she) goes much too far in wrenching probability to weight the scales against Jackie's rehabilitation. Not for the first time, an excellent and urgent thesis has

been destroyed by excessive vehemence; too much shrillness and too little art.

The Unromantics are first encountered at a party at Cambridge, where they are third-year students going down; James Brady, a cleverish, disoriented young man, and Malcolm Robertson, a priggish athlete who is something of a butt, make one of those absurd decisions often made at undergraduate parties; they decide to go across Canada for the experience and what they can pick up. One who is picked and cannot be dropped is a girl named Mary, who is loosely, but by no means exclusively, attached to James. As Mary is the only one who can lay hold of any money she proves indispensable but exactly what the experience is supposed to do for any of these people remains obscure. The book is modishly written, mostly in dialogue, and it is never clear whether the author intends his characters to be taken seriously or not. *The Unromantics* is rather like an undergraduate revue, with some brightly-written sketches but with no sense of direction. The best scene in the book shows James Brady trying to win a poker game with some tough Canadian characters, a nice bit of observation.

Everywhere I Roam may be described as founded on Mark Twain, with a dash of Steinbeck and Erskine Caldwell. It deals with a primitive character called Captain Asa who sets out in a trailer with his two daughters, Ula and Fernie, and a son, Vergil, to look for a place which still lives in the good old times and to preserve them from the corruption of the world. They fall in with the curious people, half naïve, half sophisticated, whom readers of Southern novels have come to recognize; travelling showmen, one of whom sells his "show" to Asa; Marathon dancers; sectaries who still ask whether a newcomer is a Sprinkler or a Dipper; cheapjack politicians and their band-wagons, moonshiners and men on the run. Ula succumbs to a cheap crook named Pretty Boy; Fernie to a healthy young Slav from Chicago; Vergil deserts to the railroad. The show doesn't make any money, nobody wants the simple things any more. There is nothing for it but for Asa to go back home and sell his bit of land for "development." The allegory is obvious, but the company is delightful, if you like "hillbilly" humours supremely well done.

I Shall Maintain is a galleon of a book, sailing majestically through 17th-century Dutch history by continuing the story of Pieter van Breda's daughter and heiress, Hélène, and others of the characters first encountered in

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Old Amsterdam, particularly Lourens van Braam, Pieter's nephew with whom Hélène had once thought herself in love, Lourens's wife, Theresa, and the English cousin, Margaret, whose love had lightened the tragedy of Pieter's last years. The growth of the Dutch colonies in the East Indies, the beginnings of the settlement in New Amsterdam, form a rich and colourful background of absolutely authentic history. It must indeed be admitted that the historical interest is greater than the romantic, for the novel is stately rather than exciting.

The political virtues of the Swiss reflect a sensible practical people and a settled pattern of life, a little too settled to allow for much fun. There was certainly little fun for Peter Zeiler, the chief character in *The Imperfect Weave*, the only son of a Swiss industrialist and destined for the desk the moment he was born. Peter was terrified of his father, he was terrified of mountain climbing and as he grew older, he had unaccountable wayward impulses, reprehensible in a solid young man. When he married Laura Sefton, the daughter of an impoverished English colonel and his Irish wife, the Zeilers put up with it, bending all their energies to make the young woman conform to the accepted pattern of Swiss bourgeois life. Peter, lacking in self-confidence, has to watch his wife drift away from him while his family press him to divorce her. The reconciliation comes, unaccountably, out of folly and disaster. The background of Miss Rogers's novel is freshly observed and the relationship between two incompatible people is handled with delicacy and perception.

Simon Troy's second detective story, *Tonight and Tomorrow*, is, like his first, deftly and urbanely written. Five people, a father, son, daughter and two close friends, are in the horrible position of suspecting one of their number of the murder of Myra Weeks, who had played a destructive part in the lives of three of them. Three of them had called on Myra and found her dead, but nobody dares to call the police. The action is swift, the characterization very clever and the conclusion is an original one. As I am not good at picking up and discarding clues, I long ago hit upon a method of spotting the murderer by checking the cast for expendability in reader-sympathy. The method is reliable but not infallible. I'm not going to say whether it works here and in any case the book is so good that it will certainly be read by thousands who will make their own guesses.

RUBY MILLAR.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

MISS DORIS LESSING'S return visit to Southern Rhodesia after a seven-year absence is acutely described in *Going Home* (Michael Joseph, 21s.). It is well illustrated by Mr. Paul Hogarth.

* * *

Children of the Sun (Heinemann, 16s.) are the homeless urchins who abound in Naples, where there are 200,000 unemployed. Morris West has given a pitiable account of their plight, and of "The House of the Urchins" which has been established to help them.

* * *

The Arden Shakespeare's latest addition is *King Henry VIII* (Methuen, 21s.) edited by R. A. Foakes, who quotes source material and gives a valuable discussion about the authorship question.

The eminent producer, Margaret Webster, has written *Shakespeare Today* (Dent, 18s.), which is full of lively, forthright criticism based on practical experience.

* * *

Also from Dent comes *Snowdon Biography* (25s.). G. Winthrop Young surveys rock climbing in N. Wales down to the early 1930s. Geoffrey Sutton describes the modern years. Wilfrid Noyce, the editor, deals with Snowdonia from the literary point of view. Informative and very readable.

* * *

In *Night Fighter* (Collins, 18s.) C. F. Rawnsley and Robert Wright tell the remarkable war story of John Cunningham, leading British night-fighter pilot, for whom Mr. Rawnsley acted as navigator. A thrilling book.

* * *

Easter Island (Deutsch, 21s.) by Alfred Metraux, translated by Michael Bullock, is an attempt to reconstruct a Stone Age civilization of the Pacific, and to probe into the controversial elements of its past and present. Of particular interest to the specialist.

* * *

The charmingly-produced *The School in our Village* (Batsford, 15s.) by Joan M. Goldman, with sympathetic illustrations by Edward Ardizzone, gives a day-to-day account of Mrs. Goldman's work as the only mistress in a small Cotswold village school. A little book which will be read with pleasure for many years.

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

No one gossips more agreeably about cricket than A. A. Thomson. His latest book is a delightful biography of W. G. Grace, *The Great Cricketer* (Hale, 16s.).

* * *

Among Robert Graves's numerous activities his work as a translator is not the least important. His new version of Suetonius's *The Twelve Caesars* (Penguin, 3s. 6d.) is as colourful as any volume of history ever written.

E. G.

Art

SARGENT: ARTIST AND MAN *

By MICHAEL JAFFÉ

WE might have had Sargent portraits of both Kaiser Wilhelm II and of Woodrow Wilson. The K.K. approach was made in 1905, after some years of rumination, through the notorious, the once beautiful Madame Pierre Gautreau; a piece of diplomacy as misconceived in its own way as the telegram to Kruger. The overture took the form of an unofficial invitation to the painter, then at the height of his fame, to select an exhibition of his works for Berlin. Sargent refused Mme. Gautreau, the subject of his strikingly brilliant but publicly disastrous portrait exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1884; the one picture which the Kaiser admired and excepted from his general censure of contemporary painting, and the Sargent of which Sargent himself was to write, on the occasion of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in San Francisco: "Now that it is in America I feel rather inclined to let it stay there if a Museum should want it. I suppose it is the best thing I have done." He refused Mme. Gautreau, with whom he had been forced to quarrel, and over whose portrait he had quarrelled with the conservatism of the French salon-going public at a critical moment in his career. And he refused a more circuitous approach through Roller. The Kaiser's wish was thwarted.

The approach regarding the President was made after the United States had entered the war against Germany. It was apparently no less unwelcome to Sargent, who had had enough bother already at the White House in painting Theodore Roosevelt. But Sargent—quite apart from his claim to be a U.S.

* *John Singer Sargent: a Biography.* By Charles Merrill Mount. Cresset Press. 30s.

citizen, on the strength of which he had declined the knighthood offered by Edward VII—was in no position to refuse to paint Wilson. The offer of a £10,000 donation to the British Red Cross for the right to a Sargent portrait in oils, although repented by the original backers, had been taken over by Sir Hugh Lane in the spring of 1915 with the agreement of Sargent to co-operate. Lane failed to find another to raise his bid in America. He was drowned in the *Lusitania*, with the option on the portrait still a part of his estate as bequeathed to the National Gallery of Ireland. The Trustees of that Gallery, whose claim was upheld by the courts, informed Sargent that after plebiscite in their country, they had duly selected the President of the U.S.A. to sit to him.

Throughout his dazzlingly successful career as a portraitist in England and America Sargent shunned royalty and political rulers. In 1924, after he had given up oil 'paughtraits,' of which he had tired, in favour of the less exacting but scarcely less profitable formula of charcoal likenesses done in a single morning's sitting, it is not difficult to understand why he should have been firm in turning down requests from the Queen of Rumania and President Coolidge. But that he refused to portray Edward VII in life—he could not deny the solemn plea to draw his face defenceless and still in death—and that he evaded all other royal portraiture in England except for a drawing of the present Princess Royal argues the prevalence of a certain state of mind. And this is evinced also by his advice to his protégé, Paul Manchip, not to attempt a bust of Edward, Prince of Wales.

Wherever possible Sargent, an essentially private man, avoided public commissions in portraiture. He knew that the official group of 1914–18 generals was doomed to failure. "I am handicapped by the idea that they never could have been altogether in any particular place—so feel debarred from any sort of interesting background and reduced to painting them all standing up in a vacuum," he objected; and "How am I going to paint twenty-two pairs of boots?" His artistic successes in picture making came with much smaller groups, which he could study in life and set more or less as he pleased: the three *Misses Vickers*, polled by the *Pall Mall Gazette* as the worst picture of the 1888 Academy; the Wertheimer groups in the early years of the 20th century; and the *Marlborough Family* that was the product of his great days at Tite Street a little later.

All this and much else of interest can be

ART

drawn from the enthusiastic biography written by Mr. Mount. The human material presented is rich: Sargent's relations with his mother, with Carolus-Duran, with Beckwith and with Henry James, Carmencita and Mrs. Charles Hunter, as well as Mrs. Gardner are discussed; but the nature of his feelings for women outside his own family remains, perhaps inevitably, obscure. Over the quarrel with Roger Fry and the Post-Impressionist Exhibition Mr. Mount is naturally partisan, but unnecessarily dramatic. Statements such as: "To discredit Sargent, the goal that occupied Fry the rest of his life, would mean the complete enfeeblement of the Academy," and reference to "Roger Fry and his cohorts" are absurdities which discredit the writer. Nor is it persuasive to describe the painter of the *Agnew Clinic* as "that painter of intense, if somewhat photographic and dull realism." Crying down Thomas Eakins will not cry up John Sargent.

Mr. Mount is a faithful journalist of Sargent's progress, though he clogs his discursive narrative with steamer arrivals, cab rides and street addresses. As a portrait

painter himself it is sadly to be expected that the weakest and most repetitious passages in his book deal with Sargent's achievement as a painter. "The effects he produced were amazing, their richness, plasticity, life and vitality remade the portraitist's art until it was totally unlike the placid face-making it had been since the seventeenth century." What, one may ask, about Goya? Or about Manet, a painter who shared Sargent's admiration for the silhouette and stance of Velasquez portraits? Nor is it in any way illuminating to write of Sargent's vitality: "It was the same skill that Raphael and Tintoretto had in such great measure." Worst of all, there is amongst the fifteen chosen plates no illustration, not even of a detail, of Sargent's murals which occupied so much of his time, and of which Mr. Mount acknowledges the importance. The architectural arrangement, the techniques of gilding and mounting, and, in passing, something of their iconography are discussed. There is no stylistic analysis.

Apart from the suggestions given by acknowledgements to persons mentioned in

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LONGMANS

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

the Preface, the sources for particular documentation are often unclear. The check-list appended of "Sargent's Works in Oil" claims to be fairly complete, with the assistance of Mr. McKibbin's additions to the authentic *œuvre*. The exclusion of some well-known works is noted, but no reasons are advanced for their rejection. There is an unusually large number of typographical errors to add to the reader's irritation with an unscholarly and ineptly written book on a fascinating subject.

MICHAEL JAFFÉ.

Music

MOSTLY SLAVONIC

By ROBIN DENNISTON

CONTINUING their headlong career to the top of the orchestral tree, The L.P.O. gave a masterly display of what they call "primitive strength" in their seventh "Music of a Century" concert. Mussorgsky's *Night on a Bare Mountain* received, perhaps, less attention than it deserves; though rarely played it is one of the most thrilling pieces of "occasional" music in the repertoire. Doctored somewhat by Rimsky-Korsakov, it acquired some of the facile phrases of that eclectic Russian master; but the virility of the original version comes through, even in a somewhat muted performance.

The evening's highspot was a performance of Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps*, one of the few atonal works which can be listened to with uncomplicated enthusiasm. In so many cases, composers who rejected tonality found that their freedom was only a new and severer prison. When the discipline of tonality, coupled with sparing use of dissonance, is replaced by forms in which anything is possible, the most complicated fugues and canons, for instance, can be evolved, which look marvellous on paper, for the resulting noise is almost irrelevant. But where nothing is better than anything else, the composer must create new disciplines for himself, of which only he may be aware. This makes the possibility of communication, except within a particular coterie, impossible. And without an audience no composer can last long. *Le Sacre*, with its great rhythmic complexity and unfamiliar language, goes as far as music can towards the esoteric while remaining music. One knows (and not just because it has been often said) that this is a work of overpowering

genius by, probably, the greatest composer of the 20th century.

Janacek's *Sinfonietta* with its beguilingly anonymous headings—more reticent, even, than Brahms—brought the house down. This Czech composer's life spanned much the same period as Elgar's. Both are more than national composers; they are national institutions. But what a world of difference between them! Janacek exhibits a childlike pleasure in bright noises, an excitement at achieving form and meaning within what appears to be a fairly thin orchestral technique, compared with the Englishman's technical mastery, emotional reticence and traditional language. A little of Janacek, no doubt, goes a long way—like vodka.

The concert ended with Bartok's *Cantata Profana*; here the choir were hampered by a fiendishly difficult score; strange intervals and dissonances are much easier to play than to sing. The Cantata is a somewhat half-baked piece of symbolism, of the sort which, in my view, Holst did rather better.

Janos Ferencsik, straight from Budapest, conducted. His beat was clear and he gave players and singers their cues in a way which should be a model for our younger conductors. The orchestra's attack, except in the Mussorgsky, was brilliant all through. The machine-gun-like precision of the brass is specially to be commended. As for the timpanists, we may think of them as men who could *really* put on a show if ever the occasion demanded, instead of a few discreet poms on the tonic and dominant, as in most classical music. Sometimes, alas, we doubt them. But for Messrs. Allen and Taylor this was such an occasion; and they rose to it magnificently.

ROBIN DENNISTON.

Theatre

By KAYE WEBB

Camino Real. By Tennessee Williams
(Phoenix Theatre)

M. R. TENNESSEE WILLIAMS is like a brilliant but difficult pupil; no school (or newspaper) report can adequately extol his virtues or advise on his defects. He cannot be tabulated. Just as you think you have nailed him, either for or against, he is off again on another orgy. His heart, like that of the hero of *Camino Real*, is far too large and his sympathies too facile. The world is a terrible place, he tells us, we have made it like

that from greed and fear, but the truly romantic, who are not sorry for themselves, have just a chance. It is an old song, of course, and one which seems to be better sung as a solo or at best a trio, but Mr. Williams insists that it needs full choral treatment, and the result is that our eyes, ears and senses are so bludgeoned that we fail to appreciate the melody when it eventually emerges.

Camino Real is the No Man's Land "at the end of the royal road and the beginning of the real road." Here the fountains have gone dry and it is dangerous to call a man "brother." The royal road was our time of joy and confidence. The real road, which the ghost of our hero Kilroy finally takes with the shade of Don Quixote, is bleak and terrifying like the craters of the moon. Byron limped nonchalantly out into it during Act I but no one else (of a cast of over forty) dares try.

The first act is a pageant of evil. Men are shot, are robbed and betrayed. The fat hotel proprietor turns the hero into a clown and crowns the ageing Casanova with a pair of horns; the gypsy's daughter becomes a virgin again with each new moon.

We take the interval like somnambulists waking from a nightmare, but Act II is more rewarding. Having descended into Hell we are allowed to look up from the pit for a second or two. Miss Diana Wynyard, who throughout gives a brilliant and moving performance as the ageing Marguerite Gautier, sits by the dried-up fountain and explains what life, and the play, is about to Kilroy, the bewildered ex-champ. In this role, Denholm Elliott supplies the other reason for seeing this extraordinarily exasperating play to its conclusion.

He must surely be the supreme playwright's actor. Whatever role he takes on (and his range is wide), his devotion to his author is absolute. He is simply the vessel carrying the author's ideas, and completely selfless. He does not make a pause or strike an attitude, however tempting, which might divert attention from the idea to the actor.

Mr. Peter Hall has directed well, apart from a gross lack of consideration for those unfortunate enough to sit on the extreme right side of the stage. Both Martin Miller (as Proust's Baron de Charlus) and Robert Hardy (Byron) earn praise. The movement, we are told on the programme, is by Litzi Pisk. I wish she had restrained the antics of "Prudence, an old bawd" sufficiently to have allowed some other secondary characters in this play to have at least a sporting chance.

KAYE WEBB



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British Business To-day

DEVELOPING THE STEEL INDUSTRY

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

THE steel industry is now putting into final form its third post-war development programme, designed to raise U.K. steel output to at least 28 million tons in 1962. This is a huge programme, based on an assumption that demand will grow as much in the next six years as it has in the past eight, and it is natural that it should have raised afresh the question of the steel industry's sources of finance.

The industry has frequently been attacked on the ground that its expansion since the war, impressive though this has been, has failed to match the needs of the economy. Crude steel production has increased by 63 per cent. since 1946, from 12.7 to 20.7 million tons, and by the end of the second development programme next year capacity will be adequate for a steel production of about 24

million tons. Yet in each of the past two years the U.K. has had to import about 10 per cent of its domestic steel consumption, and would have been able to export much more steel had it been available. The second development programme, bold though it may have been in its inception, has been unable to cope with an industrial investment boom, and it is part of the responsibility of the new Minister of Power, Lord Mills, to ensure that the third programme is not similarly inadequate.

As a direct result of the terms of the 1953 Act he will want to satisfy himself that the industry will be able to meet the requirements of the steel-using industries and of export markets over the next five years. The industry, for its part, has already made its estimates of demand, product by product; many of the plans have already been submitted for central approval by the Iron and Steel Federation Development Committee; and the next stage will be approval of the whole programme by the Iron and Steel Board and its submission to the Minister. It is a programme in which, on what is already known, there will be a more than proportionate increase in blast furnace capacity, and a greater emphasis among finished products on tubes and the heavier flat products such as plates. The most important single project is the new integrated steelworks to be built by Richard Thomas and Baldwins at Newport. The long-canvassed fourth strip mill is still not in the plan (despite the recent protestations of the motor industry that it might once again be short of sheet as early as this autumn), though one could be added at Newport at a later date. Temporarily at least the spotlight is on the shipbuilders rather than the car manufacturers.

Capital needs as a result of the third programme are put at around £115 million per year from 1958 to 1962—about equal to the level of spending expected this year, but comparing with an average for the ten years 1946-56 of about £65 million per year. In short, from 1957 to 1962 there will be £690 million to find. Of the £690 million, £175 million will represent replacement of fixed assets, £425 million will be for plant expansion, and £90 million will be additional working capital. Officially, maximum steel prices are fixed for the home trade by the Iron and Steel Board on a basis which is supposed to include an allowance for depreciation and obsolescence sufficient to provide for maintaining existing capacity intact. But because the Inland Revenue does not recognize a replacement cost basis for depreciation, roughly one-half



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of the extra depreciation allowance goes in tax and on this the industry loses perhaps £7 million a year. This, however, is a relatively minor matter. The real problem is the £575 million for expansion and increased working capital.

Here the first point is that the industry has in the past had the benefit of "exceptional" internal resources, in addition to "normal" internal resources such as retained profits. These "exceptional" resources have been chiefly export premiums (which arise from selling steel abroad at higher than home trade prices) and colliery compensation. For the future, the first of these may or may not continue; the second, which provided a total of about £35 million, is certainly finished. The "normal" internal resources, which will of course expand as output expands, are estimated to provide an average over the years 1957-62 of about £42 million a year. It will be possible to raise external finance to some extent, but after all the estimates have been made the industry's view is that it will be short of about £20 million a year. This is the equivalent of an increase of £1 7s. a ton in the industry's net income, and to provide it from current revenue before tax, prices would have to be raised, on average, by £2 8s. a ton.

This brings us to the crux of the steel industry's financing problem and at the same time to the broader question of its present unsatisfactory status under the 1953 Act. It would be a new doctrine that an industry should aim deliberately to finance the whole of its expansion programmes out of current revenue, that is out of the consumer, and it is one that few people would be willing to accept. The steel industry, in fairness, has never suggested this. A slightly modified doctrine, on the other hand—that, where outside finance is not easily available, and the market for the product is strong, a company or industry is justified in adjusting its selling prices to cover its capital needs—is one which is already practised if not expounded by some other industries, notably the oil industry. It is this that the steel industry has sometimes seemed to be advocating, though there has recently been some evidence that it is now modifying this view. Steel could almost certainly command prices sufficient to cover the industry's capital needs if prices were not, in fact, government-controlled. But as it is, the Government has control of prices; the Act lays on the industry the duty of providing an adequate supply of steel; and the finance problem is left in the air.

Robert Graves

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William Palmer the poisoner was unquestionably a rogue but, insists Robert Graves, he should never have been hanged. Graves' account of the rumbustious, bawdy life and times of Palmer and the shocking events of his trial make a book that will delight the many and horrify the few.

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EDITED BY MICHAEL EDWARDES

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CASSELL

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

The obvious alternative source of new capital is, of course, the private investor to whose ownership a large part of the industry has been returned, and it can in fact be argued that if the private investor is not to provide new capital when it is needed, much of the justification for denationalization disappears. (Unavoidably, following arrangements made to ensure adequate finance for the closing stages of the second development programme, the Iron and Steel Holding and Realization Agency is still subscribing fresh prior-charge capital to some companies whose equities have been back in private ownership for two years or more, but this cannot be a permanent system.) The reasons for the severe limitation on any amounts likely to be subscribed by private investors are unfortunately only too clear. First, the boards of the leading steel companies have a reputation for conservatism on dividends even stronger than their reputation for conservatism on expansion, though there are now the first signs that their attitude may be softening. Modern investors do not like fixed interest stocks, whether government or industrial, and

the steel boards' dividend policy is still remembered as a chief reason for the "expropriation" level at which steel shares were nationalized last time. Secondly, the threat of renationalization, recently repeated by Mr. Aneurin Bevan, means that new money could probably be raised from the private investor only on terms which would be unwelcome to the majority of finance directors.

The renationalization threat is far and away the biggest single influence on the market in steel shares; the private investor is the obvious source of new capital to help in financing the third development programme. This is the dilemma of steel financing at the moment, and it arises primarily because of the deliberate spoiling tactics of Labour spokesmen, and the firm and universal assumption among investors that if nationalization comes again it will be on terms pitched to ensure most shareholders a heavy loss.

Finance

By LOMBARDO

Changing Patterns

MANY of us remember the pleasure we gained in the years of our childhood from a certain simple toy which required no more than the turn of a hand to produce exciting results. It was usually in the shape of a miniature telescope and when pointed to the light one could see at the end of the cylinder a pattern in many colours which changed in form and arrangement with exciting unpredictability as one turned the barrel slowly or rapidly as one felt inclined. I am often reminded of this toy as I look back over a few weeks activity in the Stock markets. Changes of colour, of emphasis, of angles, of patterns, can be as enthralling as the toy to the child, and as difficult to forecast.

Last month, for example, I noted that one of the reactions to the Budget speech was the rush for shipping and shipbuilding shares because of the proposal to increase from 20 to 40 per cent. the investment allowance on new tonnage; by the middle of May the prices of most shipping shares were being marked down heavily because of selling pressure following on news of rapidly falling freight rates. The mild weather and the increased stocks of coal diminished the European



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demand for North American imports, so the pressure on tonnage for Atlantic voyages eased the charterers' need to bid for cargo space. At the same time, the post-Suez dearth of tanker tonnage was followed very rapidly, as stocks were built up, by a decline from the oil famine level with freights at alarming heights to a more normal market level at which charterers were able to hold off until prices suited them.

The experts, no doubt, could have told investors that this would happen; but when a boomlet is in progress private investors are apt to rush in where experts fear to tread, and Budget concessions added to calculations of very large profits by the shipping companies seemed justification enough for buying shares at the higher prices in anticipation of greatly increased dividends. The news of sharp declines in freight rates brought a rush of disappointed short-term holders. Such movements create the kaleidoscopic changes of the market pattern.

Bank Rate Again

The main trend of the past few weeks has been an upward movement in most equity markets. This has been based on a belief that the Bank Rate must be lowered, and a general feeling that inflation has not been curbed, is not being and is not likely to be really controlled in the near future. The Treasury Bill rate fell to a level which made a 5 per cent. Bank Rate out of line, and it seemed only a matter of time before the authorities would be compelled to recognize this. The Government's action in making a cash issue of only £100 million of 4½ per cent. Conversion Stock, 1962, at 99, leaving £300 million of the £400 million June National Debt Maturities to be paid in cash was taken as a sign of strength which implied a reduction in Bank Rate at an early date. As we go to press the 5 per cent. rate is unchanged.

More Spending Power

The proposals of the tribunals considering wage claims in the engineering and shipbuilding industries that substantial increases should be granted and the agreements to pay higher wages to other sections of community were recognized as additional fuel to the inflationary furnace. Increased wages would mean increased spending, it was argued, particularly in the popular stores, such as Marks and Spencers, and share prices advanced as buyers increased in numbers. The excellent results announced during the

THE FOUR LETTER TREATMENT

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Finance

month by Marks and Spencers gave encouragement to the belief that savings would be safe in companies which benefit by the increase in spending power. Current yields on some of these shares are almost half those obtainable on some Government stocks.

It is notable that institutional investors have been buying for some time and large amounts of good-class Equity stocks have been put away as long-term holdings. In many sections of the market, therefore, buying pressure quickly forced up prices, as jobbers were short of stock.

Oil on the Water

The Government's decision to allow British shipowners to pay Suez Canal dues to Egypt in sterling from a special account was a recognition of the facts of the Middle East situation which commended itself to the world of commerce. To have handicapped our merchants and industrialists by a stubborn insistence on the Cape route would have done nothing but harm to our economy when our competitors were cutting costs by using the Canal. The decision to defer to Egypt and thereby increase the tonnage of oil in transit to Europe, following on the encouraging profit statements by Shell, B.P., and Burmah, caused activity in the shares of these three giants. Prices rose steadily.

The plans for industrial development in Europe during the next few years will make increasing demands for oil, and there seems every justification for holding the shares of these three companies, even on a yield basis of slightly over 3 per cent., in hopes of further expansion and in spite of political risks.

European Trade Trends

The important steps which have been taken, or are being discussed, for sweeping changes in defence and trade policy in this country and in Western Europe are naturally the subject of much discussion in the City. Statements by Ministers on the changes to be made in our Service personnel and weapons foreshadow important alterations in the pattern of Government contracts and the future character of the labour force available to industry. Guided missiles will change the Services fundamentally and future defence expenditure will be spread in many directions other than the old armament firms. Plans for European co-operation in atomic energy (Euratom) and the European Common Market will in due course affect the pattern of United



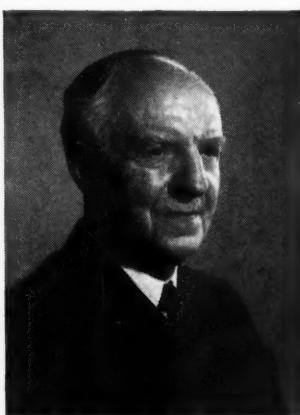
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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Kingdom trade. It is too early to see how this country will fare, but the increase in our exports to the dollar area during the past four months gives some ground for cautious optimism about our ability to secure a good share of the benefits these plans should bring.

These are the important factors which affect investment policies gradually and deeply while the short-term influences are creating the monthly kaleidoscope of Stock Exchange prices.

LOMBARDO.

Records

By ALEC ROBERTSON

BRITTEN'S *Simple Symphony*, for strings, is made up of material composed between the ages of nine and twelve, put together and re-scored in his twentieth year, and described on the score as "by E. B. Britten (arranged B.B.)." It is a charming work with a brilliant *Playful Pizzicato* and a *Sentimental Sarabande* as its second and third (and best) movements respectively. The Munich Chamber Orchestra play it very well—but could have made the lovely *Sarabande* more expressive. They also give us Mozart's *Six Contradances*, K.462, stylishly done, on the reverse of this enjoyable and well recorded ten-inch disc (D.G.G. DGM16128).

Another first symphony, that of Shostakovich, composed when he was nineteen years old, receives a splendid performance from Markevitch and the French National Radio Orchestra. It is much better recorded than the Russian disc (Monarch MWL318) and with an appreciably quicker tempo in the first movement. The playing of Prokofieff's barbaric *Scythian Suite*, on the rest of this disc, is tremendously exciting and superbly recorded. No one is likely to be shocked today by this colourful and diasonant score, one of the composer's early works and still one of his best, and it is good to have it in the catalogues again (Columbia 33CX1440).

Sir Adrian Boult's performance of Elgar's symphonic study, *Falstaff*, with the Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra, very well recorded, is indeed worthy of the centenary year. To my mind the work is the greatest of all symphonic tone poems, and Boult misses none of its ripe humour, its exquisite evocation of the English countryside (in the two Inter-

ludes), the excitement of the Coronation procession with the noble Prince Henry theme, the cheering crowds and loud fanfares, and the terrible moment when the new King repudiates his old friend.

What an inspiration it was to recall the quiet phrases of the Shallow's Orchard Interlude in Falstaff's death scene, when he "babble o' green fields," and also the Prince's great melody as the old man thinks of his friend as he used to know him. We should be proud indeed of this glorious work and of having a conductor who can bring it so vividly to life and render its complex detail so clearly. Be sure to play the disc with the volume control as high as is musically possible (Nixa NCT17003).

It was a good idea to group a number of Grieg's charming pieces on one disc, as is done on Vox PL9840. These are the *Holberg* and *Lyric Suites*, the *Norwegian Dances* and *Wedding Day at Troldhangen* (Op. 65, No. 6), and all very delightfully played by the Bamberg Symphony Orchestra under Edouard van Remoortel (Vox PL9840).

Gina Bachauer and Ilona Kabos, with the London Orchestra conducted by Alec Shearman, give an excellent account of Bach's C Major Concerto in the piano version. The long first movement can sound jog-trot, but these artists keep the music moving by supple rhythm and good team-work. Miss Bachauer also plays, and very well, the F Minor Concerto on this disc, and I was glad to hear subdued *pizzicati* from the strings, and not loud "plops," in the lovely slow movement (H.M.V. CP1111).

Also recommended. Beethoven's Second (really his First!) and Third Piano Concertos (B flat and C minor) played by Wührer with the Stuttgart Pro Musica Orchestra conducted by Walther Davinson (Vox PL9570).

Chamber Music

The exposed medium of the string quartet shows up every fault, and so one must record that a good performance of Beethoven's first "Razoumovsky" quartet (F major), on a ten-inch disc, is slightly marred by a few bars of poor intonation on the part of the first violin near the end of the finale. Why were these not done again? The recording is excellent but the engineers still need to produce more exactly the effect of a string quartet in a room, not a concert hall (Philips ABR4055).

Klemperer rarely disappoints and certainly does not do so in his superb performances, with the Philharmonia Orchestra, of Beet-

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Sir Edward Elgar with the 16-year-old Yehudi Menuhin. Photo: Fox Photos, Ltd.

FOR me the Elgar Concerto will always hold more meaning than a purely musical one, in that it evokes a less universal and a more specific atmosphere, one composed of people I love, of places which call forth the roots of my life, a youthful atmosphere of years which must appear to most of us as though in a nostalgic candlelight compared with the inhuman and merciless glare of contemporary life.

This particular association is surely not just my own, for I feel I share it with the British people and with those of my own generation who hear this music in the same spirit of comfortable surrender as when one settles into the trusted and familiar folds of a beloved armchair.

I remember the sunny day when I first made my acquaintance with the infinitely shaded green of an English summer and with Sir Edward, who to me symbolised in the way I country I had come to love.

We met in an hotel room where H.M.V. had already arranged for Mr. Ivor Newton to play the piano reduction for me as accompaniment. I played a few bars in a mood at once eager and anxious, for I had just prepared the work and I was presenting it, after all, to the composer himself.

I had scarcely reached the end of the first page when Sir Edward interrupted saying that he had no qualms about the performance and that he was sure the recording would be excellent, and—as for him—he was off to the races!

* *

Elgar
Centenary Records
THE VIOLIN CONCERTO
YEHUDI MENUHIN
LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
conducted by
SIR EDWARD ELGAR B.A.T.
O.M., K.C.V.O.

(recorded July, 1932)

ALP146

I was terribly impressed as I had never met so trusting and casual a composer! Of course I came to realise how much lay behind this cultivated air of detachment, how much warmth, feeling and intensity were at work within the unruffled frame of the English, both individually and collectively.

It was therefore of particular sentiment to me that H.M.V. should choose to commemorate the one-hundredth anniversary of Elgar's birth by bringing out anew on the long-playing record this version of the violin concerto recorded in my mid-teens with Sir Edward.

I really feel it would be redundant for me to dissect the work or to discuss it technically for the benefit of the English public. Is it not sufficient to say that for me it represents something of an intrinsically English in its charm and musical beauty that, as I often use to say, "in off-days with Elgar the music is a language we share, one that needed then no especial translation between himself and myself, any more than it does now between myself and the English audience."

For me it is the vocal expression of a bond that I have felt since I first played for them, and as such is more articulate than any words I might find to explain it.

Memphis is playing the Elgar violin concerto at the Elgar Memorial Concert, Albert Hall, June 2nd, when Sir Malcolm Sargent will conduct the London Symphony Orchestra.

Yehudi Menuhin

OTHER CENTENARY RECORDS ISSUED THIS MONTH ARE:

ENIGMA VARIATIONS
Royal Albert Hall Orchestra
(Recorded April 28, 1932)

SERENADE IN E MINOR
London Philharmonic Orchestra
(Recorded August 29, 1932)

'COCKAIGNE' OVERTURE
B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra
(Recorded April 11, 1932)

ALP1468

FALSTAFF
London Symphony Orchestra

(Recorded December 11 and 12, 1931)

ALP1990

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VIOLIN CONCERTO Rózsa
VIOLIN CONCERTO NO. 8 IN A MINOR Spohr
SERENADE MELANCOLIQUE Tchaikovsky
HEIFETZ
RB 16009

TILL EULENSPIEGELS LUSTIGE STREICHE
TOD UND VERKLÄRUNG R. Strauss
FRITZ REINER
The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra
RB 16008



RCA RECORDS 1-3 BRIXTON ROAD LONDON SW9

Records

hoven's *Grosse Fuge* (Op. 133) and Mozart's *Serenata Notturna* (K.239) and *Adagio and Fugue* in C Minor (K.546) on Columbia 33CX1438.

Instrumental

Bach's *Art of Fugue* is not only a great intellectual achievement but also a work of human feeling. It does, of course, exercise the mind more than the emotions, but the effort involved is grandly rewarded. Helmut Walcha plays the entire work on the Schnitzer organ of St. Laurenskerk, Alkmaar, Holland, and makes one feel that this is the right medium for it. The recording is excellent (D.G.G. Archive APM14077-8).

Also recommended. Sonata in A Major, Op. 120, and the four *Impromptus* of Op. 142, beautifully played by Bela Siki on 33CX1445.

Song

Gérard Souzay has re-made his Schubert recital first issued in 1953 and much improved his renderings; the recording is also better—especially as regards the piano (Decca CX3154). This fine artist has also recorded Schumann's *Liederkreis*, Op. 25 Cycle (Heine, not Eichendorff) and a number of Wolf songs, adequately accompanied by Dalton Baldwin. He is more successful in the latter, but it is a pity that his voice is again recorded too near the microphone. This apart, there is much here to enjoy (Decca LXT5216).

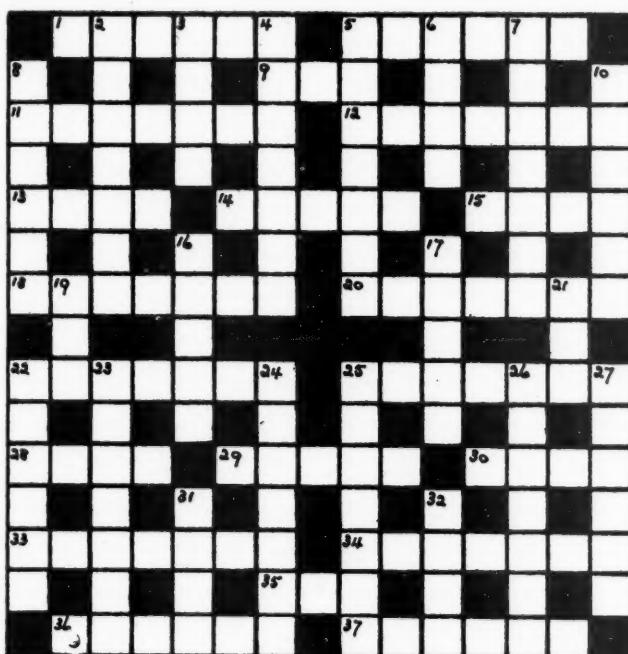
Renata Tebaldi's recital of songs and arias by Scarlatti, Handel, Sarti, Bellini, Rossini, Verdi, Martucci, etc., delighted me, even though the pianist is no more than adequate. What a lovely singer she is! (Decca LXT5272). The Solesmes Monks Choir surpass even their high standard in their superb singing of the plainsong Masses for Pentecost and Corpus Christi, which include some of the Ordinary of the former, and some other pieces (Decca LXT5226).

Opera

Stravinsky's fairy-tale opera *Le Rossignol* is a "natural" for L.P. and makes continuously enjoyable listening on Columbia 33CX1437. Cluytens and the French National Radio Orchestra; Micheau, Lovano, Giraudeau, Gayraud in the chief parts. A line-by-line libretto is issued. The lovely songs for the Fisherman and the real Nightingale, the exotic music—marvellously orchestrated—of the Chinese Court are some of the delights of this superb performance and recording.

ALEC ROBERTSON.

NATIONAL & ENGLISH REVIEW CROSSWORD No. 10



CLUES

ACROSS

1. Attempts at writing? (6).
5. Remove a hindrance in a river (6).
9. Berry loses by mistake (3).
11. There's always some tension when this is used (7).
12. I've to follow the god of love,—it's very wearing! (7).
13. Wine produced in a still (4).
14. Financial collapse,—little credit remains (5).
15. Draws articles of male attire (4).
18. Old-fashioned doctors (7).
20. Hundreds limped badly and showed depression in the face (7).
22. Cloth isn't commonly to provide a new coat (7).
25. Contrives a platitudinous comment on human life (7).
28. The wine that is left (4).
29. This goddess comes from India, naturally (5).
30. A country poem is past this (4).
33. Meals for drinkers? (7).
34. Miles go like this across the Channel (7).
35. Definitely differing from a designation (3).
36. Starting to pack close (6).
37. A kind of rose material (6).

Down

2. Surprise beginning to French article (7).
3. "The . . . of peace are great." Blake (*King Edward III*) (4).
4. Obtains notices about a dog (7).
5. Wearing apparel (7).
6. Put the implement back,—you'll get the sack! (4).
7. There's not much value in having a test about four or six (7).
8. To dock an animal is a small matter (6).
10. A large number slacked off and stopped (6).
16. Furniture mostly locks (5).
17. Correct at noon (5).
19. A girl seen in the very best society (3).
21. This bright little plant! (3).
22. Meal about ended (6).
23. Monkey embedded in some wall (7).
24. Dry?—Try this concoction (7).
25. Many fished, though badly injured (7).
26. Buildings causing anger in a nationalized industry (7).
27. This may cause weakening of the spirit (6).
31. Riches of quiet fairy (4).
32. Badly maimed a Mohammedan priest (4).

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19. Lean. 21. Sad. 23. Prison. 25. Petroil. 26. Turn-out. 27. Lagoon. 28. Tapers. 29. End. 31. Emus.
34. Angel. 35. Peer. 37. Rathe. 39. Barge. 40. Evergreen. 41. Isle. 42. Debs. 43. Free wheel.

DOWN.—1. Fired. 2. Iser. 3. Spices. 4. Railed. 5. Them. 6. Easel. 7. Agio. 9. Riga. 11. Propeller. 12. Paying out. 14. Retriever. 15. Enclosure. 18. Tanning. 20. Rotor. 22. Metal. 24. Nun. 25. Put. 29. Entrée. 30. Dearth. 32. Magi. 33. Shelf. 35. Panel. 36. Eggs. 38. Ever. 39. Bede.

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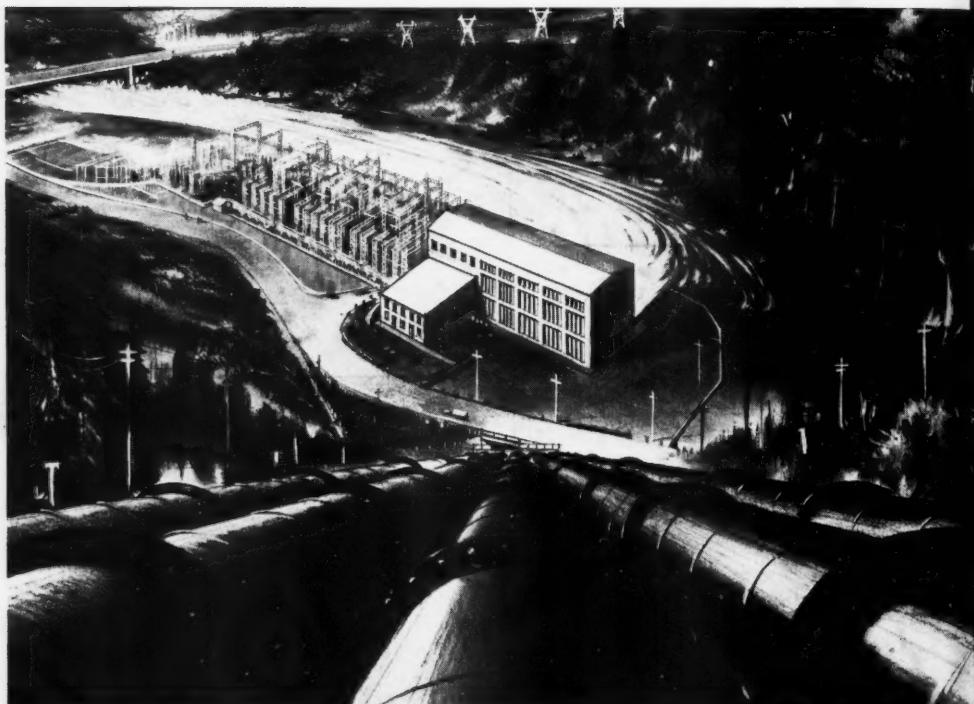
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